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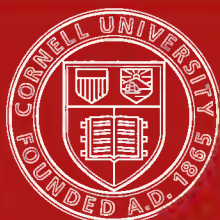
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**Henry Tubbe,**



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VOLUME I. ELIZABETHAN ROGUES AND VAGABONDS AND THEIR REPRESENTATION IN CONTEMPORARY LITERATURE. BY FRANK AYDELOTTE.

VOLUME II. ANGLO-ROMAN RELATIONS, 1558-1565. BY C. G. BAYNE, C.S.I.

VOLUME III. THE HOUSE OF LORDS IN THE REIGN OF WILLIAM III. BY A. S. TURBERVILLE.

VOLUME IV. A BIBLIOGRAPHY OF SAMUEL JOHNSON. BY W. P. COURTNEY. REVISED AND SEEN THROUGH THE PRESS BY D. NICHOL SMITH.

VOLUME V. HENRY TUBBE. SELECTIONS EDITED FROM THE MSS. BY G. C. MOORE SMITH.

HISTORICAL AND  
LITERARY STUDIES  
VOLUME V

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H E N R Y T U B B E

By *G. C. MOORE SMITH*

O X F O R D

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# INTRODUCTION

## I

### HENRY TUBBE, HIS LIFE AND LETTERS

MORE than fifty years ago, Mr. Thoms, the then editor of *Notes and Queries*, urged<sup>1</sup> the publication of the literary remains of Henry Tubbe, preserved in the author's beautiful manuscript in the British Museum.<sup>2</sup>

They consist of letters in English and in Latin, and poems of various forms (verse-epistles, elegies, odes, hymns, satires, epigrams), with some prose 'characters' and devotions. Investigation has shown that some of the poems are poetical exercises merely, paraphrases, in fact, of poems of Randolph and Suckling. And no very striking merit can be assigned to those other poems which are more original. But some of the satires have a coarse strength, and other poems illustrate at least the poetical fashions of the day, especially its fondness for 'conceits'. They throw some light on the acts and behaviour of the Parliamentarians and religious fanatics, and still more on the spirit in which Royalists and Churchmen, such as Tubbe, regarded them. The letters bring him in connexion with noble families such as the Wriothesleys, Devereux, Spencers, and Tuftons, and afford an interesting picture of the life and feelings of a studious Royalist at a time when family ties were broken under the stress of party passions, when Royalists were driven into corners, and the high places of the world were occupied by their enemies. Hitherto the wish expressed by Mr. Thoms has remained unfulfilled. I hope, however, that an account of Tubbe and some specimens of his writings may still excite a little of that interest which Mr. Thoms anticipated for them half a century ago.

<sup>1</sup> *Notes and Queries*, November 2, 1861.

<sup>2</sup> Harl. MS., 4126.

When Henry Tubbe was admitted to St. John's College, Cambridge, on June 3, 1635, he was described as 'son of John Tubbe, captain in parts beyond the sea, born at Southampton; school, Croidon, Surrey, (Mr. Webbe) for 7 years : æt. nearly (or about <sup>1</sup>) 17.' He was, therefore, born at Southampton in 1618, and, as we conclude from his will which will be given later, in the parish of Holy Cross.<sup>2</sup> From the same document we infer that his father belonged to the good Cornish family of the Tubbes of Trengoffe in the parish of Warleggon.<sup>3</sup> His mother's name, as we shall see, was Anne. Captain Tubbe had, perhaps, like so many west countrymen, attached himself to Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex, at the time of Essex's expedition to Cadiz in 1596, or that to the Azores in 1597. At any rate we find Tubbe's family from our first meeting with them under the protection of the houses of Essex and Southampton. The political alliance which existed between Henry Wriothesley, Earl of Southampton (the patron and friend of Shakespeare), and Robert, second Earl of Essex, is a matter of history; their family relationship is shown in the table on page 3, the lowest line of which represents the chief protectors of the Tubbes.

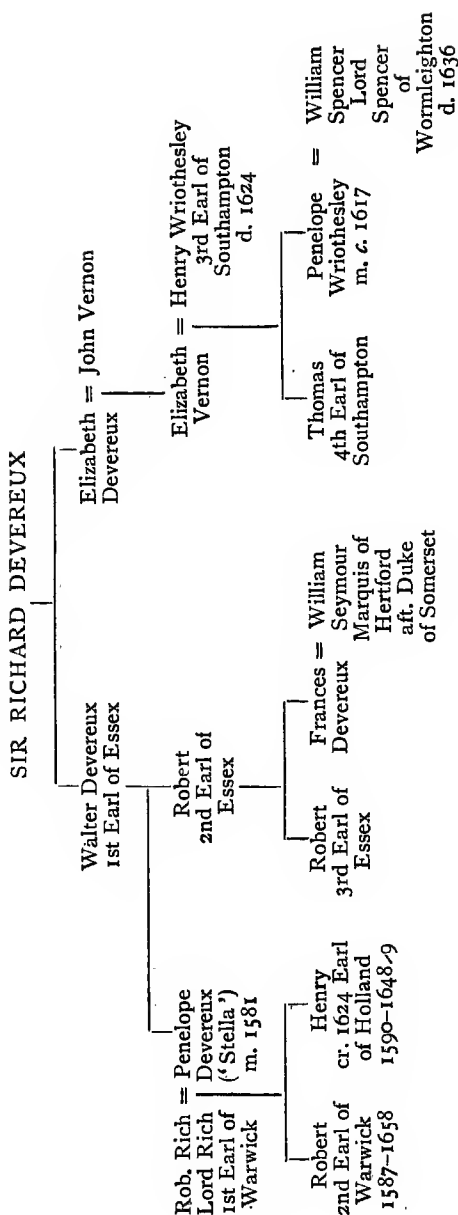
In the summer of 1613, Henry, Lord Southampton, was in the Low Countries, and apparently John Tubbe was with him. On July 10, Lord Lisle wrote from Spaw to Sir Ralph Winwood, the English Resident in the Low Countries, that he had received a letter from him 'by Mr. Tubb', and on August 6 following, Lord Southampton writing, from some port in the Low Countries apparently, to Sir R. Winwood, who had now returned to England, added a postscript in favour of Mr. Tubbe, the bearer.<sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Latin, 'fere.'

<sup>2</sup> Unfortunately the parish register of this date no longer exists.

<sup>3</sup> The arms granted to Tubb of Trengoff in 1571 were a chev. sa. between 3 gurnards hauriant gu. The Cornish name for gurnard is 'tub'. See *Notes and Queries*, 4th series, vol. ii, 253, 357, 452. The *Parochial History of Cornwall* (1870), vol. vii, p. 302, says, 'The ancient manor-house at Trengoffe with its avenue of trees still remains.' A pedigree of the family is in the *Visitation of Cornwall, 1620*, ed. Vivian.

<sup>4</sup> *Hist. MSS. Com. Report on MSS. of D. of Buccleugh at Montague House*, vol. i, p. 138 and p. 21. Lord Southampton's letter was printed



Lord Southampton's seat Titchfield was near Southampton, and in this town John Tubbe apparently began his married life. His wife had probably belonged to Lord Southampton's household, and it was probably after Lord Southampton (who may have been his godfather) that Henry Tubbe was named. His godmother at any rate was Southampton's daughter, Lady Penelope Wriothesley, then (in 1618) already married to William, Lord Spencer of Wormleighton. Lord Spencer, Lord Southampton, and the third Lord Essex were at this time in the same political camp. They are all mentioned by Arthur Wilson in his list of 'gallant spirits that aimed at the public liberty more than their own interest',<sup>1</sup> they stood, that is, for what came to be called the Country Party as opposed to the Party of the Court.

So far as we know, Henry Tubbe was the eldest child of his parents, and their only other child was another son, Robert Hay Tubbe. His mother's will suggests that this boy took his first name from Robert, Earl of Essex. Whether the name 'Hay' was given him in compliment to James Hay, created, by James I, Viscount Doncaster and Earl of Carlisle, I cannot say. At that time it was so unusual to give a child two Christian names that one looks naturally for a reason for such a proceeding.

We have seen that John Tubbe was in the Low Countries with Lord Southampton in 1613, and he had probably fought in the War of the Palatinate for some years before he met his death in 1625. Lord Essex commanded a company of three hundred men in an expedition sent in aid of the King of Bohemia in the summer of 1620. He returned to England at Christmas, but was at once put on a council of war to advise measures for the recovery of the Palatinate. No English expedition being possible that year, Essex returned to the Continent alone about June 1621 to serve as a volunteer under

(without the postscript) by Sawyer, *Memorials of Affairs of State . . . from the . . . papers of Sir R. Winwood* (1725), vol. iii, No. 372, p. 475.

<sup>1</sup> Quoted in *Lives of the Devereux*, ii, p. 289. Among the sixteen popular noblemen named by the King in September, 1640, to treat with the Scots at Ripon were the Earls of Hertford, Essex, Holland, and Warwick. Lord Spencer was dead by this time.

Maurice, Prince of Orange. In the summers of 1622 and 1623 he was abroad again in the service of Prince Maurice. Early in 1624 Parliament voted £300,000 for the reconquest of the Palatinate. Four regiments of one thousand five hundred men each were equipped and sent into Holland under the command of the Earls of Oxford, Essex, and Southampton, and Lord Willoughby. If Captain Tubbe had not been with Essex earlier, we may be sure that he was with the force now sent out. Unfortunately, Prince Maurice made little use of the assistance given him from England. He suffered Spinola to invest Breda, and himself failed in an attempt to surprise Antwerp. Lord Southampton and his son Lord Wriothesley were among the many English who fell victims to fever in the course of the winter. Prince Maurice himself died in the spring. His brother Henry, who succeeded him in the command, was as rash as Maurice had been over-cautious.

In an over-daring attempt to relieve Breda, early on May 15, 1625, the brunt of the attack fell on the English contingent under Sir Horace Vere and Lord Oxford. They were repulsed with heavy loss, and Captain Tubbe (whom we may safely identify with Henry Tubbe's father) was struck by small-shot and died soon afterwards of his wounds.<sup>1</sup> Lady Spencer speaks of Henry's father in after years as having been 'a man of extraordinary learning and valour'. Neither Lord Essex nor Lord Southampton were engaged in this attempt, but if they had any special interest in Captain Tubbe's family before, they would feel that it had a still greater claim on them after he had perished valiantly in the service of his country.

Captain Tubbe's widow seems to have moved after his death from Southampton to Croydon. She is described as 'Anne Tubb of Croydon, Widow', in her will made on October 30, 1629.<sup>2</sup> She here bequeaths, 'to my younger sonne Robert Tubbe one hundreth markes . . . to be paid to the Right honourable Robert Earle of Essex, humbly beseeching his lordshippe to cause it to bee disposed of to the best advantage of the child as in his wisdom and iudgment he shall thinke

<sup>1</sup> See Appendix, p. 62.

<sup>2</sup> Now at Somerset House, 'Prer. Court of Cant. 100 Ridley'.

fitt . . . to my now servant Richgen Cornellis five pounds and all my weareing apparrell and a good paire of sheets . . . to my eldest sonne Henry Tubbe all the rest of my goods ready money Jewells Rings Linnen . . . whom I make sole executor' . . . (If either die before 21) 'the longest survivor shall enjoy the remainder of their estates. . . . I desire my loving friends Mr. William Beeston and Mr. Samuell Bernard to bee Overseers and I doe charge my sonne Henry upon my blessinge to bee ordered and directed by them.'

The will was witnessed by Robert Deringe and Charles Rogars. Mrs. Tubbe must have died within a week or two after making it, as on November 19, 1629, a commission was granted to the two overseers named to administer her estate during the minority of Henry Tubbe.

Accordingly the two brothers were left orphans at Croydon when Henry was only eleven and Robert still younger. Mr. Samuel Bernard, Vicar of Croydon,<sup>1</sup> whom their mother had made one of the overseers of her will, now became their guardian and faithfully executed his trust. It is likely enough that he took the two boys into his vicarage, unless Robert passed at once into the care of Lord Essex. We know from the record of Henry's admission to St. John's College that for seven years he was at the Free School of Croydon—no doubt that founded by Archbishop Whitgift—and that his master was Mr. Webbe. He must, therefore, have been entered there a year or more before his mother's death.

Some Latin letters addressed by Henry Tubbe to Dr. Bernard and included in the Harleian MS. were evidently written before the writer left school. They show the affectionate gratitude which he felt towards his guardian and his eager craving to go to a University. On June 3, 1635, as we have seen, his wish was granted. He was admitted as a pensioner to St. John's College, Cambridge (which, it may be remarked, had been the College

<sup>1</sup> Samuel Bernard (Berks.) was matriculated from Magdalen College, Oxford, in 1607, B.A. 1610, M.A. 1613, B.D. 1620-1, D.D. 1638-9, Vicar of Croydon 1624 to 1643, when he was deprived and retired to his house at Waddon, Croydon. He died in 1657. He was the author of the play *Andronicus Comnenus* (MS. Sloane, 1767) acted in Magdalen, 26 Jan., 1617-8. From 1617 to 1624 he was master of Magdalen College School.

of Henry, Lord Southampton), his surety or tutor being Mr. Maisteron. On July 9, 1635, he was matriculated as a member of the University, and four months later was elected a Foundation Scholar of his College. His declaration written by himself is still preserved in the College books:

‘Novemb. 4to 1635. Ego Henricus Tubbe Southamptoniensis iuratus sū et admissus in discipulum huius collegij pro Domina ffundatrice.’

He took the degree of B.A. in 1638-9, and that of M.A. in 1642. It seems likely that he resided in Cambridge for the whole of these seven years. If he needed monetary assistance in addition to his scholarship, it was probably found for him by Frances, Countess (from 1640 Marchioness) of Hertford, sister of Lord Essex, and Penelope, Lady Spencer, his godmother, sister of Thomas, Lord Southampton.

Both in 1642 and in 1643 Tubbe's noble patrons made efforts to induce the College to elect him to a Fellowship. In both years the College found itself unable to comply with the requests made to it.<sup>1</sup> In the former year the request came in a joint letter from the Earls of Essex and Warwick, dated March 18. They speak of Tubbe as a Bachelor of Arts, and one of the scholars of the College, and say that having taken notice of his ‘sober and studious carriage’ they recommend ‘so hopefull a yong man’, whose election would ‘encourage him to continue his studyes, which otherwise for want of meanes are like to sinke.’ This letter was backed by one from the Earl of Holland, then Chancellor of the University. The College replied to Lord Holland ‘At our late election there was but one place empty, and that, too, at the disposing of the yet breathing founder’,<sup>2</sup> and to Lord Warwick, ‘although your Commendation, Sir, can create worth wheresoever it pleases, nevertheles at our late election wee could not requite such meritt with the giuft of this

<sup>1</sup> Copies of the letters here referred to are preserved among the muniments of St. John's College. I am indebted to the Master for giving me access to them.

<sup>2</sup> The Fellow admitted on March 27 was on the foundation of John Williams, Bishop of Lincoln.

soe-much-sought for poverty.' Next year the appeal to the College came from Penelope, Lady Spencer. It was in the following terms :

Reverend S<sup>r</sup>

I have had frequent notice of the sober carriage of Henry Tubbe sometyms Schollar of your Hoose ; & desire that you will be pleased to continue your favour towards him ; being verily perswaded that noe willfull neglect shall make him vncapable of any preferment. I must confesse that I have noe particuler relacon to your Colledge being both a stranger & a Woman. But since a Royall Rady [sic] was your Foundresse you shall give me leave to wish well to any that live within her Walles. And though I have noe intimate acquaintance there, yet in regard that my deare father that was, & my brother that now is, Earle of Southhamton were both incorporated in the same place I think I may without any prejudice challenge a little influence of power over you. Besides I dare professe myselfe a friend in generall to all Schollars & can heartily pray for their happines in this dismall time of the world. My earnest desire therefore is that you will be pleased to beare a favorable respect vnto him, (whose father was a man of extraordinary learning & valour) and I am confident that he will ever study to deserve it. In the assurance whereof towards him I remaine

Your loving freind,  
P. SPENCER

London March 15, 1642. To the Right Wor<sup>psall</sup> Doctor Beale M<sup>r</sup>. of St. Johns Colledge in Camb. & to the Senior fellows of the sam Colledge.'

The College replied as follows :

Madam

We are very glad to read the good opinion which your Honour professes of Mr. Tubbe. Indeed we knew him long sinc to be both civill and studious. But it is an extraordinary happines (especially now when Calumnies may say what she will, & be beleived too) to have soe noble Testimony as is yours. Concerning our favour which you request for him hee has ever had it in a fayre expression, but if the intent of your Honours letter was particularly for a fellowshippe (as we conceive it was) then, wee must humbly tell you that the hands of our Courtisyes are tyed by such strayt statutes,

that they can not sometyes reach to all those in whome we may happily find a hopefull vertue. Soe it fell out at our late Election: there being more Mandatory letters granted (and these are statutes to us for the present) then were places voyd. We trust therefore, you will not blame us, if we did not grant what was out of our power. Solemnly protesting that the Lady Daughter and sister to two such honorable Earles shall (though wee did not consider her personall vertues) ever command the utmost service of

Your Honours very faithfully devoted

---

From St. Johns in Cambr. :

May 5, 1643.

The seven years which we may imagine Tubbe to have spent at Cambridge were the years of political excitement which ended with the outbreak of civil war. His own tutor Henry Maisteron probably had Puritan leanings, as he held his place after the purging of the University by the Earl of Manchester in 1644 and was appointed a Senior Fellow of the College in 1647. But St. John's generally was the most royalist college in the University. It numbered among its Fellows the intrepid John Cleveland, whose satires on Roundheads, Scots, and Puritans served as models to Tubbe when in after years he essayed the rôle of a royalist poet. The Master of the College was William Beale, who had shown himself in sympathy with Laud by beautifying the College Chapel at great expense, and who drew on himself and the College the special enmity of Cromwell when the College plate was sent to the King (August 1642). He was ejected and imprisoned and eventually died in exile at Madrid.

After the formation of the Eastern Counties Association Cambridge was at the mercy of the Parliamentary Party. Early in 1643 the colleges were exposed to the violence and the robberies of soldiers—soldiers were quartered in their walls, part of St. John's was used as a prison, the Grove of Jesus College was cut down, college chapels were wantonly desecrated. Still greater havoc was wrought in the chapels a year later by Will Dowsing. Fellows of colleges who

refused to take the Covenant were ejected wholesale in 1644—twenty-nine, including Cleveland, from St. John's alone.

Whether Tubbe was still in residence when these later events took place is a matter of doubt; at any rate he saw the rise of the storm, and, from what we know of him afterwards, we cannot doubt that he grew ever more fixed in his attachment to Church and King and in his hostility to their enemies. Many of the leading actors on both sides must have passed before his eyes. The Elector Palatine visited Cambridge early in 1636 and in St. John's was greeted with a speech of welcome delivered by Cleveland. A similar welcome, also spoken by Cleveland, was given to King Charles and Charles Prince of Wales when they visited St. John's in March 1642. Oliver Cromwell was frequently in Cambridge, which elected him as its representative in Parliament both on March 25, 1640, and on October 27, of the same year. And literary men and divines whose names are now honoured walked the streets of Cambridge in those years; not only Cleveland of St. John's, but Edward King ('Lycidas') and Henry More of Christ's, Richard Crashaw of Peterhouse, Abraham Cowley of Trinity, William Sancroft and Ralph Cudworth of Emmanuel.

Tubbe's literary remains date in part from his years at Cambridge. Among them is an elegy on a Johnian friend of Tubbe's own year, John Skelton of Armathwaite, Cumberland, who died in 1639, or a year or two later,<sup>1</sup> and another on Lawrence Chaderton the first Master of Emmanuel, who died at the age of 103 in November 1640. An epigram on Ben Jonson was probably written soon after the dramatist's death in 1637, and one on Bishop Joseph Hall in 1641. An ode on the power of music appears to date from the same year. Probably other poems are of this period, especially those based on poems of Randolph.

As has been said, one cannot fix the date of Tubbe's leaving Cambridge, though probably he did not stay very long after taking his M.A. degree in 1642. Neither do we know where he was living during the years that followed

<sup>1</sup> He is called B.A.

his 'going down.' He tells us that his intention had been to be a minister of the Church, but that this intention was abandoned owing partly to the troubles of the times, partly to a 'scurvy cold' (the probable cause of the deafness which came upon him). We have, however, a series of Latin letters of this time addressed to 'E. Petro-paulus',<sup>1</sup> apparently a Cambridge friend of younger standing who remained at the University after Tubbe had left it. In the first he appears to congratulate his friend on having failed to obtain a fellowship. 'I would not have you made a fellow among brute animals who recognise neither virtue itself nor the reward of virtue. For of such the whole reformed ("reformabile") body of the recent University is now composed . . . I should wish to be remembered to all friends.' The reference to the constitution of the college would put the letter in the year 1644 or later: the fact that he still had friends in Cambridge would imply that he had not left college very long. In the next letter he complains of his poverty, caused by the troubled times in which the priests of the Muses are reviled. But let the foe beware—'spoliatis arma supersunt.'

The fourth letter refers to the war, in which neither friend took any part, 'while others draw swords, we fight with our pens.' In the eighth he tells his friend that he has been ill and is still in pain. 'The butcher of a surgeon threatens the knife once more to my unhealthy wound. I am sick of life.' The ninth letter brings us to the death of King Charles (which the writer may himself have witnessed) and therefore to the year 1649.

Before this date, however, we have more abundant information about Tubbe's life and thoughts in the series of English letters beginning with April 27, 1648.<sup>2</sup> He is now living with the Marquis and Marchioness of Hertford at Essex House,

<sup>1</sup> Perhaps Edward Pirkins of St. Catharine's Hall, matriculated 1638, B.A. 1642/3, M.A. 1646. The name 'Petro-paulus' is, however, hard to disentangle.

<sup>2</sup> In dealing with these letters my principle has been to give passages which bear on the author's life and friends, and omit disquisitions and sermonizings. I have transferred the dates from the foot to the head of the letters.

Strand<sup>1</sup>—whether as secretary to the Marquis or tutor to some of his children is not apparent. He has just paid a visit—perhaps charged with some political message—to Thomas, Lord Southampton, at Titchfield House, near Fareham, Hants.

The King (who had himself stopped at Titchfield House on his way) was now imprisoned at Carisbrooke in the Isle of Wight.

TO THOMAS RISLEY, Esq.

EPIST. I. Expressing the delights of the Country ; &c.

Essex House. London. Apr. 27. 1648.

Sir,

After my returne to London I was much possess'd with the remembrance of that Sweetnes, which the Country did afford. All the varietie of Colours in Cheape-side could not please mee so well, as that blew Appearance of the Hills in the Isle of Wight ; besides other pleasures of the flowrie Feilds and Medowes. The City can boast more stately Buildings, but your Woods present more lofty Trees : these are the Fruits of Nature, the other but of Art her Servant. And yet Titchfeild-House may compare with some, if not for greatnes, for neat curiositie & reverend Antiquitie. Where besides the freenes of my entertainment I received such other accomodations, as to a Mind well disposed could not but give great satisfaction. I once persuaded my selfe, that I was in a Colledge, especially, when I beheld your Discipline and Devotion so like ours at Cambridge. Sometimes I thought my selfe at Court, where the Prince of the Palace with his Company & Attendants presented much Gravitie & State, but no Pride at all. These delights have so affected mee, that since my departure comparing times & places I have made it my only happines, next to the pleasure of a Good Conscience, to preserve the memory of those few Dayes by meditation & discourse. The continuall distractions of this Place compared with that quiet Libertie wherein I found my selfe for so short a time, make mee thinke that I am come with too much hast out of Paradise into Purgatorie. . . . The Giant Warr, that

<sup>1</sup> Robert, Earl of Essex, had on March 11, 1636, for £1,100 leased half Essex House for ninety-nine years to the (then) Earl of Hertford and Frances his wife, Lord Essex's sister. Lord Essex himself died at Essex House without an heir male in 1646. A Petworth portrait of Lady Hertford is reproduced in H. St. Maur's *Annals of the Seymours* (1902).

spreads himself into all parts, yet dares not set his foot within the verge of your village. . . . I have written (as you directed) to my La. El. about Securitie for that small Sum of mony in Her Hands, and that other moyetie to be added to it : which I make no question, but she will be willing to grant. . . . The House is very busie in prosecution of an Ordinance for raising large Sums of Releife for Ireland, to maintaine their own strength & majestie : and yet their deare Army must not be neglected : for to satisfie them they are upon very high demands with the Citizens : who grown weary of such heavy exactions are at last resolved (for 't is so ordered by a Common Councell) to stand upon their own Guard, and defend themselves. My L. of Pembroke hath bin lately presented with abundance of Thanks for his extraordinarie care & eager diligence in reforming the Universitie of Oxford : and those stubborne Fellowes that will not conforme to his pious Reformation, shall be very fairely rewarded with Expulsion : but that which is best worth our observation in the carriage of that Busines is this, That All Tenants must pay their Rents to the Visitors, w<sup>ch</sup> without all controversie will by them be very well bestow'd. This discreet zeale for the profit & wellfare of our Colledges hath exalted their consideration to a higher pitch, to provide & settle Ministers throughout the whole Kingdome. These are admirable Workes, and speake the Goodnes of our Grand Reformers ; but it is to be feared, that the suddaine Absence of the Duke of Yorke will bring some interruption to their full Proceedings. Besides, those severall Musters of Militarie Blades in Wales amounting all together to the number of nine or ten thousand, have caused a strange distraction & irresolution in our valiant Members. And I suppose the Scots are not farr behind hand : their Declaration is greedily expected ; and when that appeares, wee shall know their minds better : they goe on in their preparations, and receive all Souldiers coming from England : yet the Clergy there most feircely oppose the Necessitie of a New Warr. This is all that my slender Information can produce.

Tubbe concludes with respectful messages to the Dowager Lady Southampton and the rest of the household. One of the 'young ladies' was Lady Rachel Wriothsley, aged twelve, afterwards known in history as the heroic wife of William, Lord Russell.

bee pleased to present my humble Service to Her, whose very age requires a profession of reverence & duty. Next

I am bold to submit a protestation of my observance to . . . my very gracious Lord, the Earle of Southampton & his noble Consort, the young Ladies, and all those that have power to command my Will to a just Obedience. I shall only name the rest, to whose favour and affection I am bound. My La. White, Mrs. Vernon, Mrs. Spencer ; Mr. Lamb, Mr. Paine, Mr. Piggot, Mr. Neale, Mr. Slaughter &c.

Tubbe's next letter is addressed to his brother, of whom we have heard nothing since his mother committed him, in her will, to the protection of Lord Essex. Essex, the elder, Southampton, and Spencer had at one time been alike, as we saw, leaders of the Country Party as opposed to the Party of the Court. But the coming of the Civil War had broken up the old Country Party, and while Essex commanded for a time the Parliamentary forces, Thomas, Lord Southampton, and his sister Penelope, Lady Spencer, now a widow, had clung to the fortunes of the King. And this breach was repeated in the family of their old dependant Captain Tubbe. Henry was an ardent Royalist, Robert had perhaps served under Essex in the war, certainly from the time we encounter him again he is attached to the anti-monarchical cause. How he was employed when the following letter was addressed to him we do not know.

To my Brother R. HAY TUBBE

EPIST. II. Persvading Him not to returne into  
England ; &c.

Essex House. May 18. 1648.

Brother, . . .

If the badnes of the Country where you are, persuade you to leave it, yet (mee thinks) the goodnes of your place & service should move you to keepe your Station. You seem willing to be tyed by your Lord's Courtesie. why may not that prevaile with y<sup>e</sup> against all impediments whatsoever? . . . I am glad to heare, that you are so healthfull in a forraigne Climate. . . .

How to satisfie you concerning Newes will be a hard taske, since wee differ in our opinions. . . . The Kingdome now is in a worse condition than when you left London : The King himselfe a close Prisoner in the Isle of Wight, and to continue

so during the pleasure of our Great Masters now above board. no addresse to be made to Him upon paine of Death & Damnation. a thing so strange to all moderate & reasonable men of what persvasion soever, that wee cannot but wonder with deepe amazement, how it could be thought upon by those that professe themselves Subjects. and all this done, notwithstanding the desires of the Scots, & the Importunitie of all Countyes in England for a Personall Treaty & Accomodation with His Majesty. These desperate Proceedings of the Army have caused such a generall distraction, that without God's extraordinarie mercy wee can looke for nothing but utter ruine & destruction. There is an intention, if not obstructed by suddaine distempers at home, to send Fairefax the Generall with Forces to the North, on this pretence, only to suppress all insurrections in those Parts, and reduce the Townes of Barwick & Carlile, with such other places, as have been lately surpris'd by some of the King's Friends and their deadly Enemyes. Colonel Whaley with his Regiment is appointed to march to Bury to end some Controversies there about that old Country-Idol, a May-pole; which proceeded so farr, that some lives were lost in the Quarrell. The like Dissention hath fallen out here at Westminster, though upon better grounds. Many Hundreds came out of Surrey, after the Example of other Shires, with a Petition to the Lords, and another to the Commons; humbly requesting, amongst other Particulars, that their Sovereigne Lord might be restored to his just Greatnes & Authoritie, his due Rights, Honour, & Prerogative. The Upper House gave a faire Answer to the Petitioners Request; w<sup>ch</sup> the Other refus'd. Hereupon some of the meaner Sort began to be very angry with the Parliament, and dispute the Case with the Souldiers; who not content to heare any ill of their precious Members, or receive any affronts, multiplyed their Words into down-right blowes, till some were killed, & many more wounded. Thus the Score of Blood is daily increas'd, differences enlarged on all hands, desolation ready to devoure us, all hopes of future happines quite exhausted, unlesse the Providence of God speedily invert that Streame of mischeife, thrust on with such fearfull violence by a few turbulent Spirits, that will yeeld to no motions of peace & quietnes. In this confusion the Busines of Ireland is so much neglected, that my Lo. Inchiquin is forc'd to make a dishonourable Peace (as some call it) or a Cessation for foure Months (as others conceive) with the Rebels. You have the Sum of our miseries; enough (I thinke) to compell you to stand aloofe: your former experience might

instruct you to avoid the sence [scene?] of these Calamities: if you desire to run the hazard of another Civill Warr, or delight to see the ruines of a glorious Commonwealth, you may be wellcome hither to your own vaine thoughts, but no honest man can spare you the Wishes of a good entertainment.<sup>1</sup> But my Nature will not give *mee* leave to entertaine this suspicion of the same Flesh and Bloud with my Selfe: and yet if you resolve to returne, I must have a sufficient reason to give satisfaction to Your most affectionate B.

H. T.

The next letter, sent apparently with a poem, to his patron Lord Hertford, contains a reference to his deafness.

To my Lord, the MARQUESSE OF HARTFORD

EPIST. III. A profession of my Service and Duty.

My most honour'd Lord,

It is not the least part of my Unhappines, that by reason of my Infirmities I cannot communicate my selfe to my Friends in the advantage & benefit of a free conversation. Hence it is, that I am allwayes forc'd to expresse my Gratitude for your noble favours . . . at this distance, by the proxy of a Letter.

. . . I conceive my Lord, I am bound to render you some account of my Time, by whose favour it is made so precious, that in spite of all our wild distractions, I can yet entertaine these calme & quiet thoughts. All discontents are swallowed up in the joy I receive from any thing, that may afford some delight to your vacant Houres. And though I cannot raise a satisfaction to your Soule by such idle recreations, yet I presume, there is not one single word, that can cause displeasure. . . . To disturb your quiet, to usurpe upon your leisure . . . are injuries. . . . I dare acquit my selfe before hand of such a guilt, as conceiving, that this harmlesse peice of Poëtrie<sup>2</sup> beares no character, but what may well become the profession of your most humble and most faithful Servant.

The next letter is addressed to his old guardian, Dr. Bernard of Croydon.

<sup>1</sup> i. e. of a good or profitable employment.

<sup>2</sup> Perhaps the verses on p. 80 below.

TO SAMUEL BERNARD, D.D.

EPIST. IV. A Complaint of private & publique  
miseries. &c.

Essex House. June 8. 1648.

Sir . . .

I cannot be ignorant, that you have long since left to be my Guardian, and that you have a sufficient charge of your own to looke after: enough to exact your whole care & diligence: especially since you are deprived of your right, lively-hood, & subsistence. Yet let mee intreat your Goodnes to make good what you have undertaken for the recoverie of that Sum of mony, for which the Owner stands bound to mee in your name.

[He asks him when he comes to London] to . . use the Authoritie of a few Words, that Hee may render an account of his Proceedings in this Business. . . . It is now six Yeares, since any Interest was payd, & I know not how many since the Bond was first seal'd & delivered. Far be it from mee to be guilty of such a base Ingratitude, as to have the least scruple in my thoughts of your undeserved fidelitie: yet I have reason to suspect, till I am better satisfied, that (whosoever is the Cause of it) I am not fairely dealt with. The Extremitie of my Wants forces mee to these unwilling expressions. . . .

Must I still languish under the courtesie of others, and be worthy of nothing but favour? a thousand Deaths are not so terrible.

After touching on public news, such as 'reports of another Escape intended by His Majesty', he continues:

wee hope the Parliament will shortly descend from their high Votes to some Overtures of Accomodation, and make amends for the cruelltie of those harsh Decrees, w<sup>ch</sup> forbid all Adresse to our Sovereigne Lord. Which, if it may not be done in order to the Welfare, Happines, & Honour of the King, yet for satisfaction to their best Favourites the People (who now begin to see and love the suffering Vertues of their Princely Master) is thought to be a Course most necessary, and may produce such safe Grounds of Securitie for all Parties, that wee should not need to feare a Second Warr. But if desperate Minds be resolved upon mischeife, who can helpe it? Surely none but that infinite Power,

w<sup>ch</sup> can easily countervail the worst Designs of the Devill, and his cursed Instruments. Who are still so feircely devoted and given up to all manner of wickednes, that notwithstanding their own present danger, they can find time to contrive conveyances of the Church-lands for the maintenance of a barbarous Word the *Ministry*, a meer pretence to scrue Wealth into their own Purses; as if Deanes and Prebends were no Ministers, but ranke Idolls, and their Possessions not to be purg'd of Superstition, but by a trick of cleanly Conveyance. But the Essex-Petitioners and other Countyes may prevent this zealous fury, if they be not courted to a worse Slaverie of their own Persons & Estates (w<sup>ch</sup> put together spell *Malignant*) by an Ordinance of Indempnitie, another juggling device of our State-Conjurers, found out to suppress Loialtie & Allegiance stirring the Subjects Hearts to a just Revenge. Which had proceeded to some hopefull Issue, if this dull drousie City would have entertained a Compliance with the Country, a more certaine meanes to preserve their Priviledges, than the Discharge of their lately-imprisoned Aldermen. However, the distractions in Scotland may bring home Peace to our Dores: and if all outward Helpes faile, the Almighty Ruler will not deceive our faithful Expectation. S. Marmaduke Langdale goes on bravely in the North: his Number is confess'd to be at least ten thousand.'

Tubbe's aunt, Mrs. Anne Symcots, to whom the next letter is addressed, was apparently a dependant of the Spencer family. The name of her daughter Penelope, who died, apparently in Lady Spencer's service, at Hatton House on July 31, 1651, suggests that, like Tubbe, she was Lady Spencer's godchild. Drury House where Mrs. Anne Symcots was living had been built by Sir William Drury, grandfather of the youthful Elizabeth Drury celebrated so often by Donne. It passed, however, to the Craven family, who were closely connected with Lady Spencer, her eldest daughter Elizabeth having married John, Lord Craven. Whether Tubbe means by 'My Honourable Lady' Lady Craven or Lady Spencer, who may have been staying with her daughter, is not clear. Drury House was called later Craven House, but it seems not to have changed its name at this date.

To Mrs. ANNE SYMCOTS

EPIST. V. An Apologie for my Absence.

Deare Aunt,

You may wonder, why I am grown so great a stranger to Drury House, what the reason is, that I cannot afford my best Friends a friendly Visit. The truth is, I have bin lately afflicted with such an extremitie of Deafenes, that no Words of any reasonable Sound can find a passage into my Eares. . . . I hope my Honourable Lady will be pleased to accept of this Excuse, though I know her favourable Indulgence towards mee is such, that Her La. would be content rather to beare with my Infirmitie, than forgive this necessary neglect of my personall Attendance. . . .

Your most affectionate Nephew,  
H. T.

The recipient of the next sad letter was, as will be seen, Tubbe's cousin, but in what way we do not know. William Cole was also cousin to Thomas Winniff, the ejected Bishop of Lincoln,<sup>1</sup> and, like him, came from Sherborne. As son of Thomas Cole gent. of Sherborne he was admitted to Gray's Inn on Feb. 3, 1643-4. He was called to the Bar on Feb. 11, 1650-1. In later letters we hear of his son Bernard, and the *Gray's Inn Admissions* tell us that 'Barnard Cole, son and heir of William Cole esq of this house' was admitted on June 21, 1658. He was then only ten years old, as on June 14, 1661, he was admitted, aged thirteen, to St. John's College, Oxford, as 'Bernard Cole son of William of Gray's Inn, arm.' (Foster, *Alumni Oxonienses*).

To Mr. WILLIAM COLE

EPIST. VI. An Excuse of my Absence.

Deare Cosen,

In this long time of my Absence from your House, I cannot sit down without an Apologie. I have bin of late most heavily oppress'd with the weight of my old Disease, so that I am forc'd to forbear all Visits to any of my Friends, as conceiving that I can be of no other use in their presence, but only to stare upon them. Nothing but Drums & Thunder,

<sup>1</sup> Shown by Winniff's will at Somerset House.

& such like Noises, the Larum of a Scold, or the Oaths of a Ruffian, or the Cries of our oppressed Commons, which are loud enough, can peirce my obdurate Eares. If a Wise man aske mee a Question, I returne an Answer, as if there were no difference betwixt Chalke & Cheese. At Church, in these preaching Dayes, though I am seldome cloyed with too much good Doctrine, yet I am sometimes very sensible of most egregious Non-sense; which is commonly delivered with such violence, that my true Cozen-germans, the deafe Inhabitants of the Grave, are allmost reviv'd with the noise, and together with my selfe become most expert, quick, & understanding Auditors. In this condition I am fit to converse with none but my deare Muse, and those mute Legible Soules in my Studdy. The heighth of my Recreation is a little fresh Aire, and now & then (with Domitian) the Death of a sillie Flie. I am very much in love with that fashion of the Court, where Smiling & Whispering (if the silent Motion of Lipps may beare that name) are together in contention which shall act their dumb Showes best. Sometimes I steale up into the Dining Rome, and there behold some few Lords & Ladies eating & drinking, which (mee thinks) is excellent Discourse. Oh for the Art of Hearing with Eyes! And yet mine are but helplesse Neighbours to the other Sense: for (in good truth) night or day, at a distance I can hardly distinguish betwixt Jone and my Lady. That may be (you will say) because perhaps my Mistresse is both Jone & a Lady too.<sup>1</sup> Well, take it as you please: but in earnest (my worthy Kinsman) and without jesting let mee tell you, that till it please God to release mee of this heavy Burden, I can not expresse my unhappines. . .

I pass over a stilted and conventional letter 'To Mr. Mathew Scot. Epist. VII: Expressing the joy of our mutuall Friendship', merely remarking that the recipient had been admitted to St. John's College on April 8, 1635, æt. 17, as son of Edward Scott, clothier, of Lensford (or Glemsford), Suffolk. The next letter is addressed to Frances, Marchioness of Hertford, and was accompanied evidently by a poem. It seems to refer to the regulations for the licensing of books which Milton had denounced in *Areopagitica*.

<sup>1</sup> Lord Hertford's youngest daughter was Lady Jane Seymour. See Hazlitt, *English Proverbs*, 'Jone's as good as my lady (in the dark)'.

To MY LADY, the L. M. of H.

EPIST. VIII. An Acknowledgment of my  
thankfullnes &c.

Madam, . . .

I am forced to have recourse to this way of thankfullnes to expresse how sensible I am of what I enjoy by the influence of your teeming Graces. Within this Paper I am bold to inclose another, which containes something,<sup>1</sup> that may serve to weare away a few tedious minutes, if your Houres bee troubled with any such, which are so full of honourable Imploiment. The Sense of these Lines is plaine & honest, in which respect I presume they are more acceptable than the light froth & scum of an aerie Wit. With which these Times abound so much, that I thinke nothing else hath given a greater occasion to the Increase of our Miseries than those hateful Swarms of idle Pamphlets, which every houre of the Day flie abroad into the World, to the Disgrace not only of all ingenuous Learning, but of the best Religion, that ever was planted in this Island. Our wise Reformers have lately provided a strict remedie for this disease : but such, as makes themselves only capable of doing that, which they condemn in others ; they would be absolute Lords of the Pen, as well as of the Sword ; though they know not how to use either with any reasonable Equitie. This black & white Innocence here inclosed will yeeld nothing for a pretence to their cruell Justice. Here is no biting Language : no Invectives : no Batteries raised against the Structure of our new-upstart-Commonwealth : the grave Alderman may sleepe securely in his Fur-gown, and not feare any undermining Phrase to startle his Conscience. But I begin to be wanton, and boldly intrude upon your La. more serious Judgment, to whose Censure, I submit these weake, but well-meant Expressions, and professe my selfe, as I am ever bound,

Your La. most humble and thankfull Servant,

H. T.

Next follows Epist. IX, which is really an essay on the Bible, with so little of the character of a letter that the name of the recipient is left blank. Then another to Matthew Scott :

<sup>1</sup> Perhaps the verses 'To —' (Epigrams, Book I, No. xiv.).

## To MR. MATHEW S.

EPIST. X. Concerning the unlawfullnes of  
single Combats.

I have seriously considered of our last discourse concerning private Duells, which without any fancy I conceive to be a kind of War, which no pretence can justifie, maintained only by the humersome Pride of some swaggering Companions, with an erroneous conceit of the greatest courage in such desperate Undertakers, who thinke they are bound to preserve their credits with any losse, though their dearest Soules lie in jeopardie for this quarrelsome performance. . . .

What is the 'little Booke of the perfection of Woemen' which accompanied the following letter to Lady Hertford? In answer to a query of mine in *Notes and Queries*, Mr. G. Thorn Drury suggested that it might be *The Heroinë* (1639), written by G. Rivers and dedicated to Lady Dorothy Sydney (who became in that year Lady Spencer's daughter-in-law), or *The Woman's Glorie, A Treatise Asserting the due Honour of that Sexe* (1645), by Samuel Torshel (who died in 1650), or again *Hæc Homo, wherein the Excellency of the Creation of Woman is described* (1637), by William Austin. The first of these suggestions is, perhaps, the most likely, as Tubbe's thirty-fourth epigram of the first series is *On the Heroinë*.

Perhaps among the friends whom Tubbe says he had lost was Penelope Symcots his cousin, who died on July 31, 1651, at Hatton House, where she was apparently in attendance on Lady Spencer. Tubbe has a poem on her death, from which one gathers that he had looked forward to marriage with her. Hatton House, Holborn, was built by Sir Christopher Hatton on the garden of Ely Place. It passed to his nephew William Newport (who took the name of Hatton) and from him to his widow who married Sir Edward Coke, and to their daughter who married Sir John Villiers. The house is said to have been demolished about 1654 (Wheatley's *London*).

To MY LADY, the LA. M. of H.

EPIST. XI. Commending a little Booke of the perfection of Woemen.

Whilst others present your La[dyship] with their own Workes, I shall take as great pride in the oblation of this little Volume, written by a learned Gentleman, now in Heaven; wherein you may read the just character of your Selfe. . . It is a faire description of those excellent braveries & masculine vertues incident to your Sex.

. . . What the power of Grace is in a Person, to whom this solid narration delivered in this Booke doth belong, I am very sensible by the losse of some friends, whose pure example was my best direction, and whose memory, next to the thoughts of offending God, is my surest defence against the fury of a wild temptation. . . .

The next letter marks a change in Henry Tubbe's life. He had left Essex House and gone as tutor to the sons of John Tufton, second Earl of Thanet, at Hothfield near Ashford, Kent. See the table on the next page.

Probably Tubbe's pupils consisted of John Tufton and his brothers, Richard and Thomas. The boys were apparently 'out of hand', and no small trial to their deaf instructor. Lord Thanet was very autocratic, and had probably no interest in Tubbe apart from employing him. So the change from his life at Essex House must have been a sad one. I do not know who is 'The Honest Herauld' mentioned in the letter. 'My Lord of Lincoln' was Thomas Winniff, then ejected from his see. Mr. John Winniff was Bishop Winniff's heir, as is seen by the latter's will. 'My brother Cuffe' may perhaps have been a brother-in-law of Robert Hay Tubbe, whom we find soon after as a married man, or possibly husband of a half-sister, if Henry and Robert were children of a second marriage of Captain Tubbe.

To Mr. WILLIAM COLE

EPIST. An acknowledgment of courtesies.

A complaint of our abuse of Time. &c.

Hothfeld in Kent. Jul. 23. 1652.

Deare Cosen,

As soon as I was settled in the Country, and had greedily dispatched some scholastique affaires, I began to thinke what

JOHN TUFTON = MARGARET

2nd E. of Thanet | dau. of Rich. Sackville

b. 1607 | 3rd E. of Dorset

d. 1664 | b. 1614

| d. 1676

Nicholas  
3rd E. of  
Thanet

b. 1631  
d. 1679

John  
4th E. of  
Thanet

b. 1638  
d. 1680

Richard  
5th E. of  
Thanet

b. 1640  
d. 1683-4

Thomas  
6th E. of  
Thanet

b. 1644  
d. 1729

Sackville  
b. 1647  
d. 1721

Sackville  
7th E. of  
Thanet.

George

d. 1634

Margaret

Frances

Cecely

Mary

Anne

obligations lay upon mee to the remembrance of my Friends. Naturall affection presented my Brother as the first Object of my thoughts. But hee being so farr out of the way in every sense, I could find none, to whom my devotion in this kind is more necessary, than to your Selfe. . . . I could bee content to impoverish my selfe to doe you a pleasure ; but when I consider, that my Time is not my own, for the most part devoted to the occasions of my Employment, . . . I must resolve to remaine your Eternall Debtour.

. . . If the Country at this distance could afford any thing worth acceptance, I would have sent you something more reall in it selfe, more full of solid satisfaction, than the æerie impressions of this rarified rag, the barren fruites of a weary Braine ; a Braine, though not consumed with sloth, yet almost worne out with the vanitie of unnecessary labours.

. . . I would have sayd as much to your loving Consort ; but you two being so happily united, I will presume to make One Letter serve You both, with a Dash of hearty Commendations to my little fine Cosen Bernard, my Godsonne Charls, & the young Gentlewoeman their Sister. . . . The Honest Herauld must bee in the number of my Cosens too, and to bee remembered accordingly. This inclosed to the La. Marquesse of Hartford, if I may tempt your discretion to the trouble of presenting your Selfe, you may doe mee a great favour in it ; if not, I shall desire you to leave it with the Porter at Essex House. When you see my Lord of Lincolne, you may bee pleased to present my humble service, & withall an Apologie for my rude departure in not taking my leave, which was caused by our unexpected hast out of town. My kind respect to his Nephew Mr. John Winiffe, my Brother Cuffe, and all other acquaintance. . . . Your faithfull Friend & most affectionate Kinsman.

The next is no doubt the letter which Cole was asked to deliver.

To the LA. MARQ. OF HARTFORD

EPIST.     A Profession of Service, with an earnest  
desire to imitate her vertues in opposition to  
the vices of the Time.

From Hothfelde in Kent. Jul. 24. 1652.

Madam

. . . I would bee loath to engage my judgment on the distinction of your Graces, to say, which is best : for though one exceed another in regard of a more noble Object, yet all are in their

highest degree so eminent in your Selfe the Subject, that what appeares but like a Glow-worme-light in others, is in You a shining Star. Whose influence is such, that I beleewe the World will mend upon it, & casheire those infectious Vices of the Age, which, since Rebellion first broake out, have been so strangely predominant, not in every idle corner, as heretofore, but upon the publique Stage, in the view of all Eyes. and what was once but secret, is now transformed into the fashion of the Times. Heresies comply, like Sampson's Foxes, by the tailes, & destroy a goodly Harvest of Religion. Blasphemy walkes up & down, like a stalking Horse, in the severe shape of pietie & devotion, to frighte poor Soules into a Net of Perdition. Faction & Schisme, like two meager Blood-hounds, have pursued a fainting Truth to the last gaspe, and are now ready to seize upon her. Disobedience & Disorder, like a sowre Plauge, usurpe upon every Family. and Prophanenesse makes a Breach into every Soule. 'Tis in the power of your Example to remove these violent Stormes, and make faire weather in the State. If other Forces would but joine, and march after such a Leader, our pretended Army of Saints would quickly fall in peices; the Devill himselfe would feare a discoverie, and act no more, like an Angell of Light. and his Servant would appeare in his own pitifull colours, like Himselfe, a very Villaine. . . .

Your La. most devout Servant,  
H. T.

The following letter contains much moralizing matter of no biographical interest :

To the La. PENELOPE SPENCER, Dowager

EPIST. An acknowledgment of my affection &  
Gratitude, concluding with an assurance of  
our eternall happines.

From Hothfelde in Kent. Jul. 26. 1652.

Tubbe speaks of 'that zeale, which hath allwayes held a constant flame towards your Selfe & your Family', and concludes :

Your La. most faithfull Servant & dutifull Godsonne,  
H. T.

The letter following was addressed to the fifth son of Lady Spencer. He and his brother John are said in pedigrees

(see p. 28) to have died as minors, but we do not hear of their deaths in Tubbe's correspondence.

A portrait by Van Dyck of Penelope, Lady Spencer, one by Walker of her son Henry, Earl of Sunderland; portraits by Lely of her daughters Elizabeth, Anne, and Margaret; a portrait by Carlo Maratti of her grandson Robert, second Earl of Sunderland; a portrait by H. Stone of her brother Thomas, Earl of Southampton, one by Van Dyck of his first Countess, Rachel de Rouvigny, and a miniature by Boit of his daughter Rachel, Lady Russell, are all to be found at Althorp. The two Van Dyck portraits are reproduced in E. Schäffer's *Van Dyck*, pp. 410, 412 (that of Lady Southampton from a picture at Welbeck).

### To Mr. THOMAS SPENCER

EPIST. Advice for his expence of Time &c.

Sir, . . .

If it [my letter] come attended with some good Counsell, 't is out of a desire to receive better from You. The improvement of your judgment & discretion have enabled you to bee my Tutour now in this kind, as I was yours once in the Principles of another nature. . . .

Remember that you are the Sonne of such a Father, as will bee known in his name to Posteritie, when all those, that knew him in this life shall bee swallowed up (except some few like himselfe to attend upon his memorie) into the darke womb of death & oblivion. Nor can the glorious vertues of your dead & living Brothers escape your observance.

We cannot say to whom the next letter was addressed.

To Mr. ———

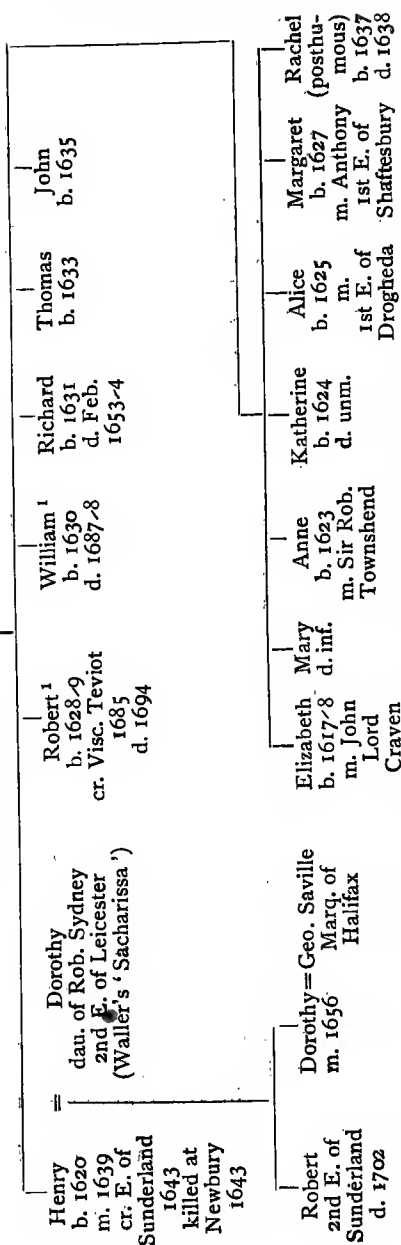
EPIST. Desiring his hearty Advice.

Sir,

As a pleasant Valley, that is hid from the sight with Hills & Woods, such (mee thinks) are my Friends in their absence. Though I am not here in Kent amongst my Enemyes, yet having left my former acquaintance, I conceive that I have nothing yet in view but rough Mountaines & a barren Wildernesse. . . .

I would faine bee settled, where the Aire is sweet, the windes gentle, the Earth rich; where there are no infections of Vice,

WILLIAM SPENCER = PENELOPE WRIOTHESLEY  
 Lord Spencer of Wormleighton      dau. of Henry, E. of Southampton  
 b. 1591-2, m. 1617 (?)      d. 1667  
 d. 1636



<sup>1</sup> References to the matrimonial projects of 'Robin' and 'Will' Spencer will be found in Dorothy Osborne's *Letters*.

or stormes of distraction, or dearth of Grace. But where is this Happines? (you will say) in the Elisian Feilds? If the wide World afford no such place, yet a wise Christian (with the helpe & directions of such a fellow-traveller, such a faithfull Guide as your Goodnesse) may discover in himselfe this reall Content, and bee his own best Freind. Alas! there I see nothing but vast heapes of discontent, a wild unfruitfull desart of despairing doubts; and without your earnest endeavours of assistance I feare I shall hardly gaine the faire prospect of a Quiet Conscience. To you then in this perplexitie I apply my selfe as to my Directour, my Ghostly Father, my Confessour. I will not now dispute, whether such a Spirituall Exercise may bee transacted by Letters. only thus much, that which usually comes in the reare of your Absolution, Good Counsell for the future can not bee denyed mee upon that consideration. . . . If then I may receive a Line or two from your blessed Hand, in answer to these desires, I shall account it some assurance of my eternall Glory, as it may bee the Meanes to confirme mee here in a good condition of Grace; and thereby you shall for ever bind me to remaine Your most faithfull Servant in C. J.

H. T.

### To Mr. THOMAS SPENCER

EPIST.      Furnishing him with some good Counsell  
upon severall occasions.

Tubbe proposes to continue the advice given in his former letter :

. . . Which I thinke may bee done best by reflecting upon the passages of your faire Epistle. I shall take occasion first from an expression of your 'own weaknesse' (as Your Modesty is pleased to terme it) to advise you, not to neglect any advantage or opportunitie, that may improve your resolution to some brave attempt. I have found it by experience in my selfe . . . that nothing hinders a good disposition so much, as a timorous suspect or jealousie of our own imperfections. Presumption brings a man into hazard, and sometimes his fortune may carry him through, and bring him off againe with successe; but a carelesse despaire, a stupid apprehension of danger and misfortune, destroyes all happy motions, and ruines the hopefull endeavours of a vertuous intention. . . .

When you speake of my 'constant love & affection,' I must confesse, though it cannot reach high enough to deserve your favour, yet it shall remaine as true as Steel, to doe you service.

and here comes in something of admonition too, . . . that you bee carefull never to engage your faith to any man without some triall of his truth. Some that carry faire shewes at first, will prove very false at last; . . . Such freinds were those *Humble & Loiall Subjects* to their *Soveraigne*, that afterwards, in plaine termes, cut off his Head. . . . I hope the World is not yet grown so barren of this right good fellowship, but that you may find many deserving favourites betwixt London and Hothfeld, though you are pleased . . . to professe you *want* my *company*. Truly Sir, if Providence had been so propitious to my desires, as to blesse mee with a capacity of personall attendance upon so much worth, I should apprehend it as my greatest happines to live & dye within the favourable reach of your Sight. . . .

Your most faithfull Servant,  
H. T.

### To the La. PENELOPE SPENCER

EPIST. Expressing a resolution concerning my  
Employment; prescribing a remedy for the  
miseries of the time.

Madam,

I received your favourable Answer to my Letter, and find my Selfe much encouraged by your *good wishes* therein expressed to proceed in the duties of my Employment, though full of toile & trouble; and in regard of that time, which might bee better spent to my own content & satisfaction, a chargeable, expensive Exercise. I am much taken with the contemplation of that fine sport which is called *Threshing*; when I observe, how the poor Farmer makes a way to his Livelyhood by the Sweat of his Browes, I apprehend this as a Pleasure in respect of that Worke, which I have now undertaken. 'Tis certainly a matter of more ease to handle a Plow well, than to infuse good principles into a rugged nature. Some hard peices I have now to deale with, that have been forsaken by their former Masters, as the Subject of a fruitlesse, though industrious Care. Yet . . . I shall endeavour . . . to encounter with those . . . difficulties which may hinder the easy progresse & handsome successe of my desires. I shall therefore suspend my purpose of advancing to better Preferment, at least, till I see better times: which yet wee might hopefully expect (though almost swallowed up allready in the gulph of a desperate ruine) if those that professe to desire so much happinesse, would but labour to procure it . . . To confute the

malice of our adversaries, and consequently to abate their force, (beleeve it, Madam) nothing is of equall power, to a spotlesse, innocent, harmlesse conversation.

### To the La. Marquesse of HARTFORD

EPIST. A renovation of my humble request with  
an occasionall meditation thereupon.

Madam,

Your Ladyship may bee pleased to remember, that at my coming from London, I was bold to make a request for the preservation of my Interest (which by your favour I obtained and enjoyed a long time) in my Lodging at Essex-House, till Michaelmas. I was then persuaded, that my L. of Thanet would by that time returne to his House in the City. But his L. resolution is now settled for a longer continuance here in the Country. I am forced therefore to renew my Sute to your Honour that you would vouchsafe to let mee retaine a favourable proprietie of that little Room, where some part of my best Substance, my poor Librarie, is yet remaining, till our next journey to Town. . . .

Your Hon. most faithfull & thankfull S.

### To my La. THANET

EPIST. Preferring a Request to her Ladyship.

Madam,

Your Ladyship may wonder, why I should make this needlesse conveyance of a Request to be preferred from my Selfe, and in my own behalfe to your Honour since your Goodnesse will justifie the confidence of a Personall Addresse, though our distance were greater than it is. But when Your Ladyship shall understand, that I love to expresse my earnest desires (and I presume without all vanity) in the humble stile and language of my Pen, it will abate the strangenesse of this Enterprise, and You will favour mee in forbearing to censure it as a performance altogether vaine & unnecessary. After this Apology, that which I have to deliver at present is only this, that your Ladyship would bee pleased to let mee have the benefit of that Little Room adjoining to the Chamber, where I lie, which for my better ease, & the necessary occasions of a settled retirement, I would convert into a Private Study. I never yet was destitute of such a convenient accomodation (except for some short time, when the tempest of our publique distractions was so violent,

that I could hardly find any shelter to provide for my securitie) and therefore the want of it now must needs add some kind of crosse to my content. If I might offer so much without any prejudice to your Interest, I would willingly undergoe all the charge, that is requisite for the advancement of this easy Convenience. the Place is such, that within a while, if it bee not repaired, the Raine coming in through many wide holes & chinkes, will ruine the very beames & rafters of the Building. and I thinke (under favour) it would bee much better to have it reformed for this use, than for a worse, or none at all. Truly Madam, this favour will furnish mee with a great encouragement to proceed heartily & cheerfully in the duties of my Employment. . . .

To Mr. THOMAS SPENCER

EPIST. An Elogie of his true Deserts, with some prayers & instructions for their improvement.

. . . Hothfeld in Kent. Dec. 31. 1652.

The reall declaration of your innocence is dressed up in such a lovely habit, that you may as well call it the emanation of your power and wisdom. I will bee bold therefore to affirme, that your ignorance is nothing but your modesty, which like a thin cypresse vaile makes the beauty of your abilities more conspicuous to admiring eyes. . . . It is like that disguise, which for a time gave safe protection to our Sovereigne. or like the blushing Trophees of his Death, which though full of crueltie to his outward parts, yet raised his Soule to Heaven, and will make succeeding Ages glorifie the sweet remembrance of his Name. . . .

Let mee heare from you, though in your native stile, and I will challenge Cicero to mend it with the rubbidge of his Roman tongue. . . . I shall want the assistance of your comfortable Hand to helpe mee in the hard taske of my tedious Employment. which like a fresh gale of Wind to a sweating Labourer, will bee allwayes wellcome to mee. . . I hope to see you goe beyond those bounds, which common custome hath in these dayes set down as just limits to the understanding of a Noble-Man. . . .

present . . . my service and duty to my honourable Lady, . . . my humble respects to your deserving Brothers, and your worthy, vertuous Sister . . .

Your constant freind & Servant,  
H. T.

The next letter is curious, but needs a key :

To Mr. RICHARD C.

EPIST. Containing some few expressions of love  
mixt with a little advice.

Sir . . .

The death of your good Freind, your noble Lady, for your sake, is some cause of my affliction, as well as your own. The strict severitie of your Lord I cannot but admire, as proceeding rather from true principles of honour than any dislike of your person. Yet (mee thinks) his Lo. without any wrong to the constant temper of his gravitie might find out some other way to advance an old servant to some handsome degree of a reasonable subsistence. . . .

As for your intention to travell, . . . common experience will tell you sufficiently how many brave, hopefull, young gentlemen have been cast away for want of a timely foresight of those great inconveniences, to which travellers are inevitably subject. However you dispose of your selfe be sure (as Mr. Sharpe sayd at your parting from hence, & 't was good Counsell, though from a man distracted) to *Have a care of the maine chance*, that is, according to my interpretation, Learne to serve God earnestly, diligently, & devoutly; and you shall never want a good imployment. As for what passed betwixt you and Mrs. Brown, Shee is very willing to forget that there was any quarrell at all, and for your better assurance of a full forgiveness, presents her love & service. Your rashnes in this (I am confident) will not bee your ruine: a little repentance will serve to wipe off those blots, and render you a faire Gentleman to all your Acquaintance. Mrs. Salendine accepts of the expressions of your love with an equal returne of her kindnesse. Mr. Wray & the rest . . . convey their true love. . . .

Your very loving freind,  
H. T.

The following letter shows that Robert Hay Tubbe was now serving at sea against the Dutch. England had declared war on July 9, 1652, and actions had taken place between De Ruyter and Ayscue off Plymouth on August 16, between De Ruyter and Blake off the coast of Kent on September 28, and between Van Tromp and Blake in the Downs on November 30, and off Cape La Hogue on February 18-20, 1653. Henry Tubbe's letter was probably written soon after the news of the last engagement. Robert Tubbe served

as lieutenant to Vice-Admiral Joseph Jordan on board the *Vanguard* in the great battle off the North Foreland on June 2. In his diary for July 16, 1653, Jordan writes—‘This day my lieutenant Robert Hay Tubb received commission to be captain of the *Exchange* merchant, whom, according to command, immediately I sent to the said ship in my ketch.’<sup>1</sup> He no doubt commanded the *Exchange* in the great battle of the Texel fought between Van Tromp and Monk on July 31. The *Exchange* was a ship bearing one hundred men and thirty guns. The *Vanguard* had three hundred and ninety men and fifty-six guns.

To Mr. WILLIAM COLE

EPIST.     An Apology for my delay in writing, with  
a breife contemplation upon the shortnesse &  
uncertainety of Life; &c.

Deare Cosen, [1652-3]

When you shall understand, how I am taken up with the care & trouble of my Charge here at Hothfeld, you will easily excuse the silence of my Pen. . . .

My condition now is like that of a Mill-horse, that runs round in a perpetuall Circle; which by this time hath given a sufficient check to the conceit of that happines, which I enjoyed in my former liberty, when . . . I durst resemble my selfe to a good Courser in a plaine, open Champion, having room enough to exercise his strength and activitie. . . .

You complaine . . . of the uncertainety & shortnesse of our life in this world . . . [here he quotes Camden on the fall of the town of Repton] . . . the consideration of such passages as these will bee a good helpe to our mortification in . . . this time of Lent. . . .

Yet one word more in relation to my Brother. My bowells are full of a naturall compassion towards those that are in any danger, and are much enlarged upon Him by nearnesse of Blood. If you hear any newes of that unhappy Man, since our last bloodie quarrells at Sea, I should eagerly embrace the first information from your Hand, whether good or bad, as a sure testimony of your affection to my Selfe. My thoughts are extremely perplexed in the consideration of that misery, which (for ought I know) may conclude in his destruction. God . . . give him grace to understand his own

<sup>1</sup> *Memorials of Sir W. Penn*, by G. Penn, i, p. 535, where ‘Hay’ is misprinted ‘Key’.

unhappines, that hee may no longer remaine in the number of those wretched men, who still proceed in such a desperate course of wickednesse, as if they meant to puzzle God Almighty to prepare a judgment equall to their Sinnes. . . .

### To Mr. THOMAS SPENCER

EPIST.      Some few observations of the country  
in Kent collected from the nature of  
the Soile, &c.

#### [The Weald]

It is almost every where of it selfe unfit either for pasture or corne, and will produce nothing of any value, till it bee refreshed with dung, marle, earth, fodder, ashes, or such other comfortable stuffe. and therefore heretofore it was onely made use of for herds of Deer & droves of Hogs. But now by the benefit of such good husbandry bless'd with the providence of God, it is become not onely equall but superiour in fruitfullnesse to other grounds. Which manner of improving the Wast is not found out by any new discoverie, but was the ancient practice of our Forefathers many yeares since, as appears by innumerable Marle-pits digged up so long agoe, that now trees 200 or 300 yeare old are growing there. Howbeit this kind of culture was so much interrupted or rather quite lost as well in the time of the Barons Warrs, as of the Civill Dissentions betwixt Yorke & Lancaster, untill within these 30 or 40 yeares, that it may seem to have been then newly invented rather than restored; because the right art is not yet fully discovered. The arable Land of this County at large is well enriched with a deepe fat Mould, that without intermission will beare five or six Crops together; and after three or foure yeares rest will yeeld the like againe, and so preserve that course for ever. You see Sir, what a Husbandman I am grown by living here amongst our Kentish Longtailes. of which though some are but meer Muck-worms, yet there are many good Hospitable Creatures. in whose Houses a man may yet find that old English Humanitie, which made men welcome without the least signe of any secret grudge or discontent. The House in which I live, is situated in that Division, where Health & Wealth conspire to make men happy. For matter of health I am pretty well supplied by the benefit of an wholesome Aire. and the Master of our Family is a sound thriving Lord, who by his industry (as some say) hath obtained that, which never yet was found out directly, the Philosopher's

Stone, a Forge better than any Mint, that can turne Iron<sup>1</sup> into Gold. If any of it flow into my Coffers, you shall be sure to heare on 't. . . . mony will make as great a noise in the purse, as our Hammer-mills, that produce that Ware, which brings it in.

[He gives the epitaph from 'the Church adjoining to our Habitation' of Lord Thanet's grandparents, Sir John Tufton & Dame Christian his wife, the marriages of their daughters &c.]

I would proceed now to give you a description of our Capitall Messuage called the Manour of Hothfeild with one & twenty Parcells of Arable & two of Woodland belonging to it, containing 253 Acres, 16 Pertches, whereof the site of the Mansion-house, the Gardens & Orchards containe above 5 Acres. . .

After you have presented my dutifull respects to my deare Godmother & my very good Lady, with my service to your noble Brotherhood, and the rest of our intimate freinds at Hatton-House, you will much enlarge the obligation which I have to professe & protest my selfe

Your most ready & constant Servant,

H. T.

To THE LA. PENEL. SPENCER, Dowager

EPIST. An excuse for a suddaine abrupt motion out of Town, with some divine collections drawn from that hasty occasion.

From Hothfeild in Kent. Aug. 1653.

Madam,

I must confesse, I now lye under the burden of a double trespasse. 1. that I came away from London without taking my leave. 2. that I have been so slow in framing an excuse.

. . . When you shall know, how I was hurried out of town against my will, and how I have been fettered to my Employment since, your Indulgence. . . .

But I wonder what my Lo. of Than. meanes by these suddaine motions? Is it to put us in mind of that Power, which can send us to another World in an instant?

. . . But I must remember, that I am now writing a Letter, not penning a Sermon. . . .

Your La. most faithfull Servant & dutifull Godsonne

HENRY TUBBE.

<sup>1</sup> The Weald was the great centre of the iron industry at this time.

To THOMAS SPENCER Esq<sup>r</sup>.

EPIST. Some observations concerning the Familie  
of the Tuftons, with a glance at that vanity of  
greatnes, which some men are so carefull  
to obtaine. &c.

From Hothfeild in Kent, Aug. 1653.

Sir. . . .

Since my last coming to Hothfeild (which was very suddaine, & so strictly injoyed by my severe Master, that you will easily excuse my abrupt departure,) I have been very fortunate in my houres of leisure & relaxation, to find out something, that concerns the Antiquitie of our Familie. . . .

Tis now grown an inveterate custome to confound men's parts, & make a judgment of their wit by their earthly substance, and such a one is sayd to bee foure or five thousand pound a yeare, or three or four Lordships wiser than another; as if their wisdoms lay in their furrowes or their purses. But I beleeve from a better information (and I persuaide my selfe you are one of the same beleefe) that the best possession, the best knowledge, & the best preferment too is this, 'That every one should know how to possesse his vessell in sanctification & honour' 1 Thes. 4. 4. Sir, I am fallen unawares into a discourse like a peice of a Sermon. You know Preaching is the fashion of the Times. and I am got in a little. but I hope without any great violence to the majestie of that Order, which may challenge a proprietie in the Pulpit. I was once fairely marching to bee one of that number; but a crosse Commonwealth & a scurvy Cold, both (I thinke) everlasting have obstructed my proceedings. . . . Since my Lungs are so much impaired, that I cannot exercise aloud, let the Goose-quill doe his worke: and I hope my expressions shall yet beare a better meaning, a more wholesome character than the sluttish devotion of a pious Diurnall. And here now I could easily take occasion to inveigh against those miserable Creatures, who still prostitute their Witts, as some have done their Swords, to maintaine a base rebellion. But I forbear such vile contemptible Things. Though our generall Abuses deserve nothing but Satyres, stripping & whipping till the blood come, yet I will leave this taske to other Pen-men, and meddle with no rods, but what belong to my profession & employment. And truly I find it hard enough to manage those weapons to the purpose. Wee have had a very bad President of disobedience in this kind at a Free-School in Wye some five miles distant from our House, where some of

the greatest Schollars made a fine Conspiracie to beate their Master, and performed it bravely, according to the modell of our Reformation, stood highly upon their own termes, and would not be reconciled, nor admit any accomodations of Peace, till certainly assured by a Promise from their Teacher, that they should not suffer any more hereafter, at least for what pass'd in that Insurrection. Since it is thus at Schoole, I will not trouble my selfe to correct the State, but learne to subdue those masterlesse Peices, which I have now in hand, who please themselves much with this rebellious Example, and have a strong fancy to the like performance: only there is some want of strength and number to advance their resolutions to an actuall Conjuraction. In good faith Sir, this Busines makes mee shake sometimes betwixt jest and earnest: if all circumstances bee true, as they are related, the like was never heard of in a matter of this nature, and it is reported up & down to the wonder & amazement of all the Country hereabouts. Some strange Spirit of disorder & misrule hath infected this nation, & is crept into families & schooles, & colledges, & churches. What will bee the period of our distractions, none but God Allmighty can resolve.

To the LA. MARQUESSE OF HARTFORD

EPIST.      A short excuse for my running  
out of Town.

Hothfeild,      Aug. 1653.

Madam,

. . . I had a serious resolution before I came from London to have offered my selfe to your La. presence, to know what commands you might have been pleased to lay upon mee before our journey into the country. But the severity of my Lord would not suffer mee to enjoy so much time, as might suffice for a short Valediction to my dearest freinds. I had no notice of my going out of town, till that very morning, when in all hast I was commanded to run a tilt<sup>1</sup> in a wooden Horse to Graves-end, from thence to Raynam upon a shuffling Beast, like a Cambridge-hackny, and so very breifely, all in a breath, to Hothfeild. Yet all this affliction was nothing to my unhappines in this respect, that I could not obtaine so much leisure as might justifie my absence in . . . a mannerly fashion. . . . I intended once to try the danger of my Lord's displeasure; but considering that your Mercy would reach farther than His, I thought fit . . . rather to submit to this

<sup>1</sup> A play on 'go in a tilt-boat.'

inconvenience, than run the hazard of loosing my Employment, which I would willingly retaine . . . for I abhorre nothing so much, as an unsettled, vaine, fickle humour of trying all fortunes.  
H. T.

The marriage of Lady Margaret Tufton referred to in the following letter took place on July 18, 1653. The bridegroom was George, Lord Coventry. Tubbe's friend Samuel Mearne was a nephew of Dr. Bernard of Croydon, though the latter in his will<sup>1</sup> speaks of his sister, presumably Samuel's mother, as Dorcas Merles, and her mark as a witness is designated 'the marke of Dorcas Mearle'. Samuel Mearne is called a 'stationer' in Tubbe's will, and was Master of the Stationers Company in 1679, 1681 and 1682, when he died in office. His widow presented the Company with a silver salver and tankard.<sup>2</sup> A paper on Mearne has been written by Mr. Cyril Davenport, and books bound by him still realize very high prices in auction rooms. This letter gives the first intimation of that disease of the lungs which proved fatal to Tubbe two years later. Lord Thanet's mother, who had lately died, was Frances, daughter of Thomas Cecil, first Earl of Exeter. I cannot find evidence that Captain James Peacock ever commanded the *Rainbow*. It was commanded by Sir G. Ascue in June 1652, while Peacock commanded the *Tiger*.<sup>3</sup> On March 24, 1652-3, we hear<sup>4</sup> that Peacock had been removed to the *Triumph*. As captain of that ship he was mortally wounded in the fights of July 29-31, 1653.

### TO M<sup>r</sup> WILLIAM COLE

EPIST. An excuse for an hasty journey, with  
a Petition for some assistance in a busines,  
which concerned my livelyhood. &c.

Hothfeild. Aug. 30. 1653

Deare Cosen. . . .

I remember very well, when I was last at your House, and there replenished with the kindnesse of a free entertainment,

<sup>1</sup> The will, which is in Somerset House, was signed on August 5, 1657, and proved on November 18 following.

<sup>2</sup> C. R. Rivington, *A Short Account of the Stationers Company*, 1903.

<sup>3</sup> *Memorials of Sir W. Penn*.

<sup>4</sup> *State Papers Domestic, Interregnum*, vol. xxxiv, no. 71.

I made a promise to performe the duty of another Visit before my going out of town. In this I have failed. . . .

You must understand . . . that when I bound my selfe by the word of an Honest Man, to see you once againe at least before our journey into the countrey, I did presume that I should have had the happines to stay a little longer & make one amongst the rest at the celebration of my Lady Margaret's Wedding. But my Lord having some time before removed my Pupills upon their own importunitie from the City to Hothfeild, and now sending for his Chaplaine (who then had the charge of their instruction) to compleat this Marriage, I was suddainely commanded . . . to bee at our Country-mansion upon his coming away. . . .

Considering that my Cosen Cole was a more merciful man than my Tyrant Lord, I resolved rather to try the fortune of your indulgence & lenity, than hazard my Employment, which, though none of the best, is yet better than none at all. . . .

My desire is, that you would be pleased at your most convenient opportunitie to assist my freind Sam. Mearne in procuring the rest of that mony which is in M<sup>rs</sup> Randall's hands. I thought fit to leave the bond with him, because your own businesse being extraordinarie, you might easily forget such a trifle as this, except you had some body to call upon you & intreat your assistance.

I desire much to bee informed how it is with your Wife & Children, for whose happines & health I conceive my selfe bound to enlarge my devotions. expecting the like charitable courtesie from you in my behalfe, especially since my strength is a little impaired by the violence of a perpetuall Cold, which I brought with mee from hence to London, & have brought it back againe hither without any diminution. Sure this is some strange new disease; and I will be bold to call it a *Kentish* cough; for I was never troubled with the like in any other County. Kent (they say) was never conquered; it may bee the diseases of this climate are invincible too. and yet I live in that part, which (as the common talke goes) is all for health & wealth. but (I'll assure you Cosen) for my part, I am not very sensible of either, though besides living with a rich thrifty Earle, whose vast estate (now since his Mother's death) is without intelligible boundes.

If you heare any newes of my unlucky Brother since our last quarrelsome Adventure at Sea, I shall be better satisfied with your intelligence, whether good or bad, than from any other hand; because of our mutuall relation, which mollifies the greife of a disaster, and doth elevate the joy of a good

successe. though I detest the Cause, to which His Rashnesse hath unhappily embarqued himselfe and his fortunes, yet Nature commands mee to rejoyce for the safety of his Person. When I was last in Town, I was informed by some of his Wife's Kindred, that He was hovering upon the Dutch Coast under Capt. Peacock in the *Rainbow*. What is become of Him since, I am yet to learne. . . . H. T.

Tubbe refers in the following letter to the support he had received from the Marchioness of Hertford and Lady Spencer. He had apparently been tutor to the young Spencers before going to reside at Essex House.

To Mr. WILLIAM COLE

EPIST. Of our mutuall happines by our near  
relation, with some glances at the vanity  
& miseries of the world ; &c.

[Dec. 1653]

Your Letter of the 27th of Octob. in answer to mine of Aug. 30 I received & read with much content & satisfaction: but till this time of Liberty (which some call Christmas) I could not find my selfe in a capacity to make any reply. for besides the burden of my Employment I have been so miserably afflicted with the weight of my disease (which is now grown to a perfect consumption of the Lungs) that no space of leisure or relaxation could bee afforded for the remembrance of my freinds. . . .

. . . My poor Genius is now much impaired & allmost suffocated with distillations of rheume and phlegmatique impressions, insomuch that sometimes I conceive my selfe in all probabilitie not likely to live long, except Allmighty God . . . enlarge the number of my dayes.

Since your last lines came to my hands, I have had some account of the busines you mention there, and I am certified that my freind S. Mearn hath procured part of the mony in the Widowe's hands with a promise of the rest to be payed very shortly. The reason why He did not call upon you according to your expectation I suppose was only this, because he was loath to put you to a needlesse trouble, if it could bee obtained without your assistance. The man's honesty is not to bee suspected, & I have had sufficient trialls of his diligence in my behalfe, whom next to your selfe, & his Unkle D. Bernard (who was my carefull Guardian) I dare trust with

greater matters than this, though I confesse the losse of such a Sum would strike deepe into the veines of my Livelyhood, in these slipperie times, when many deserving Spirits are ready to expire for want of a reasonable maintenance.

I should bee glad to know, whether those Letters, which I sent inclosed, were delivered as directed. for I have not had any intimation either from your selfe, or from those honourable Persons concerning their deliverie. Though I cannot expect any thing from them by way of answer, in regard of our distance, yet I should rejoyce much to heare in a word or two from any other hand, how those two Families (to which I have been bound for a competent support) stand affected in matter of health & happines.

And for my Brother, though I take little joy in his Pre-ferment, for some reasons best known to you & mee, yet I am touched with much gladnes for the preservation of his life, and would willingly be informed in what ship hee doth now exercise his new powerfull Office for the Commonwealth. . . . Excuse mee, if I write but seldome, my infirmities will not suffer mee to make any large or frequent addresses in this kind.

### To Mr. THOMAS SPENCER

EPIST. . . A contemplation of his excellent parts  
& goodnes, with a short Invective against the  
insolence of usurping rebells. &c.

Hothfeild in Kent. Feb. 28. 1653 [1653-4].

Deare M. S.

[Expresses his admiration, his desire of living in the presence of T. S. and a half-determination he had formed to leave Hothfield and visit him, which was only checked by receiving a letter from him.]

I have therefore settled in my selfe a purpose (yet not suppressing my appetite to a joyfull Enterview) to stay here in the Country till such time as my great Master shall bee pleased to remove his Family to London. . . .

Sir, I am heartily sorry to heare of your Brothers sicknes . . . (if I bee not mistaken) I am now at this time my selfe afflicted with the same disease, a violent consuming Cough of the Lungs, which the best physick & diet I can use will

not yet remove. God (I beleeve) will looke upon us both in mercy. If there bee no other remedy but Death . . . what true-hearted Soule would not rather leave his Body to bee a Feast for the Wormes than remaine above Ground to have his Sences eaten up by these Cankers of State, whose very Beeing (as it is now marr'd by the Devill) is nothing else but a pernicious Blast of Blasphemie, Witchcraft, & Rebellion? H. T.

Postscript.

Sir, Since the writing of my Letter I am certified, that your good Brother Mr. Richard Spencer is dead.<sup>1</sup> I thinke I cannot expresse my sorrow more fully than by telling you, that except God have otherwise determined, I am not like to bee long after Him.

Elizabeth Bernard, to whom the following letter is addressed, is not mentioned in her father's will made in 1657, and had probably died before that date.

Sir Edward Dering, second baronet, of Surrenden, Pluckley, Kent (adjacent to Hothfield), was born in 1625, succeeded his father in 1644, and died in 1684. He married Mary, daughter of Daniel Harvey of Coombe in Croydon. She died in 1703-4. The *Dictionary of National Biography* does not mention that Dering studied at Sidney Sussex College, Cambridge. There is a poem by 'Edvardus Dering, Armig. Coll. Sid. Suss.' in the Cambridge collection *Irenodia Cantabrigiensis*, 1641, and one by 'Edw. Dering Baronet' in Cartwright's *Comedies*, &c., 1651. There were some Derings at Croydon, as 'Robert Deringe' witnessed the will of Tubbe's mother there in 1629.

To Mrs. ELIZABETH BERNARD

EPIST. A particular Remembrance of my respects  
to S. EDWARD DEERING & his Lady

Hothfeild. March 13. 1653 [1653-4].

Sweet Mrs. Bernard,

Not many dayes since I received a Letter from your Cosen Mearn, wherein I am certified, that you are lately come from London to Pluckney, and for some short time to remaine

<sup>1</sup> See table of the family, p. 28.

there. The relation, which I have formerly had to your good Father, D. Bernard, if nothing else, would easily invite mee to renew my acquaintance with your selfe by a personall Visit, if I could but allow my desires so much time from my Imployment, as might serve them to the execution of such a Blessed Worke.

I am earnestly desired by your Brother Mr. Francis to present his humble service to S. Edw. Deering & his Lady, and his hearty love to his best Sister; the like respects are presented from your honest Kinsman before mentioned. And . . . I will bee bold to put in my selfe too. for though indeed I am but a meer stranger to the noble Master of your Family, yet the other part of Him his deare Consort is still fresh in my remembrance, and Shee cannot forget how I did once enjoy the favour of her familiaritie at the Vicar's House in Croydon. . . .

And yet I could add to this something more, that the memory of his fame in Cambridge may challenge a particular respect from mee, who was allwayes a silent admirer of his Vertues, when as Fellow-Commoner to the Angells, hee lived like a Saint in Sydney-Colledge.

H. T.

To Mr. WILLIAM COLE

EPIST. Bewailing his sorrowfull condition in the desperate Sicknes of his Wife, with some ingredients of a true consolation to settle his courage against the violence of the greatest inconveniences in such a lamentable Case

Hothfeild in Kent. Septemb. 23. 1654.

Dear Cosen,

It is now about halfe a year, since I received a Letter from you in answer to one of mine, written but a month or two before. At that time you may remember, that I gave you some information concerning the unhappy growth of my disease turned to a deepe Consumption. Twice (since I saw you last) I have been ready to encounter with Death . . . but by the favour of Allmighty God have now recovered to some degree of health, and by his blessing upon some good application of wholesome remedies I doe yet hope to remove all the reliques of my Sicknes, & so prevent the danger of a dismall relapse, to which . . . I am easily inclined. Thus affected in the state of my body I may challenge your patience to beare with my silence: those houres, which were exempted

from the exercise of my daily Worke, I could apply to no other use, but what might conduce to my own preservation, in providing & preparing such medicines as are needfull in these extremities. And now I begin to bee more sensible of my own sickly condition than heretofore, and that by vertue of a freindly compassion, since by Mr. Myn I was certified of that sad affliction which you suffer in the Distemper of your Second Selfe. But my Hope persvades mee to tell you, that this Weakenesse is but for a time, and onely so contracted by the violence of her Miscarriage, that not prevailing to a present dissolution, it may in all probabilitie by God's helpe & sound physick bee removed. You cannot forget how Shee was thus afflicted upon the like occasion (when I remember I was taken into the fellowship of your Sufferings, & became your sorrowfull Companion both at Bed & at Board) and yet how happily her Soule was retrived from that muddy distraction. . . .

. . . till I heare better newes, I must remaine Your very sorrowfull Kinsman & Fellow-sufferer

H. T.

To Mr. WILLIAM COLE

EPIST.      Containing some expressions of my affection in a medley of joy and greife.

Good Cosen,

Your Letter is . . . checquer'd with Black & White, Good Newes & Bad . . . the joyfull narration of your Wife's recoverie . . . is quilted with the mixture of your own Tragicomedies, the sad relation of D. Wynyff's death,<sup>1</sup> my Brother's Sicknes, and the losse of a precious Jewell, your former Letter. . . .

Whereas you make it your request to be commanded by mee, I shall only . . . intreat you to inquire into my Brother's condition, till such time as our journey is designed for London, which (I beleeve) will be very shortly. This is the first notice I have had of his being at Detford, since hee came thither. and hearing nothing from him in all this time, I presume he is now in a way of amendment, if not fully recovered. If there bee any necessity of a Visit before our Family remove, I shall be ready to make my addresse upon the least intimation, either from your selfe, or any of his freinds, though I run the hazard of loosing my Employment. . . .

<sup>1</sup> Bishop Winniff died September 19, 1654.

To Mr. WILLIAM COLE

EPIST. An excuse for not writing from the  
oppression of a lingering Sicknes &c.

[? March 1655]

Deare Cosen,

You may wonder, why I should be thus slow in answering your Letters. The last, which I received, was in Nov. dated the first of that month, now above foure months since. time enough (you will say) to contrive an answer. But when you shall understand, how my Consumption hath prevailed upon mee, I shall easily gaine your pardon, having such a feirce disease for my excuse. I may now call it an inveterate Sicknesse like the incurable malice of a *Roundhead*, not to be abated with any physick. My Lungs & other inward parts are so obstructed with phlegme, that I cannot raise my voice, without much straining, to any sound above the noise of a Whisper. and this imperfection hath continued ever since New-Years-day.

I have spared neither cost, nor paines, as far as my abilities will extend, for the recoverie of my health; and yet finde my selfe in such a sad declining condition, that I thinke there will be some necessitie (which is none of my least miseries) to breake off my Employment, & betake my selfe to a physicall course at *London*. I shall be glad to receive your advice in this Case. and pray let mee not want your Prayers for my wellfare, howsoever it shall please God to dispose of mee, either for life or death. I would thinke it a great happines in this miserie, and something of a remedy too, to receive some certaine Newes of my Brother's behaviour & resolution in this generall confusion of the World. but I perceive all naturall affections are swallowed up in a Bad Cause. and therefore I am not worthy to know, either What, or Where hee is. That in all this Time, that I have lived with the Earle of Thanet, and (as I remember) a long space before that, I could never yet obtaine the favour of a Line or two, must needs be some argument of a strange, carelesse disaffection. I shall forbear to aggravate discontents, and turne my selfe to You, from whom I have alwayes been replenished with great springs of joy & satisfaction, with an addition of much content by the favours of your Best Freind. to whom I desire to be recommended as a faithfull Servant of her vertues, which may also challenge some remembrance to your hopefull Son, my Cosen Bernard, since 't is more than probable, that hee will be

a mighty Gainer by the Example of his Parents. My Pen begins to tire ; it will be needlesse to enlarge farther than to a plaine affirmation, that in all conditions, either of Strength or Weaknesse, Wealth or Want, I shall be able to procure your credit, so far as to beleewe, that I am, & will remaine Your very loving C. till Death,

H. T.

The above letter is probably the last that Henry Tubbe wrote. He died between May 4 and June 9 of the same year.

He probably left Hothfield before the end, as the parish register of that village has no record of his burial.<sup>1</sup> Possibly he found refuge in the house of his cousin William Cole.<sup>2</sup>

No information as to place is given by his will made on May 4, 1655.<sup>3</sup> After the usual preliminaries, he continues: 'ffirst I humbly intreate the most honorable the Lady Marchioness of Hertford to accept a little picture of the late King wrouht in litle. . . . unto my loveing Kinsman William Cole of Grayes Inne . . . Esquire . . . twentie poundes, to my honored ffreinde Samuell Bernard of Waddon in the countie of Surrey doctor in divinity the like summe . . . unto my loveing ffreinde Master Samuell Mearne Stationer . . . five poundes, Mistris Barbara Mearne Sister to the said Samuell Mearne . . . five poundes . . . the poore of the Parish of Warlegon in the Countie of Cornewall . . . fower poundes . . . the poore of the Parish of Crosse in the Towne of Southampton . . . three poundes . . . the poore of Croyden in Surrey fiftie shillings . . . to be distributed by the above named Doctor Samuell Bernard . . . the poore of the Parish where I shall be buried . . . fortie shillings . . . to the free-Schoole of Croydon . . . fortie shillings . . . to buy bookes for the use of that Schoole . . . the residue of my goods and chattells moneys and other my personall estate [after payment of debts and funeral charges] to my well beloved brother

<sup>1</sup> Information supplied by Rev. H. R. N. Ellison, Vicar.

<sup>2</sup> As the registers of St. Clement Danes, and those of St. Andrew, Holborn, also fail to record his burial, he probably did not die in his old quarters at Essex House, or at Hatton House.

<sup>3</sup> At Somerset House. Aylett.

Robert Hay Tubbe in case he shall retourne againe into England (he being now in parts beyond the seas) but if . . . my said brother shall happen to die beyond the seas, . . . said residue . . . to the above named William Cole, out of which residue (in case my Brother live not to retourne into England againe) . . . I give . . . twentie poundes . . . vnto Tenne poore Ministers or Ministers Widdowes or their ffatherlesse children such as he the said William Cole by the advice of my good ffreind Master John [gap<sup>1</sup>] shall thinke fittest to be releaved . . . I make . . . William Cole and . . . Samuel Bernard Executors . . . leaving the care of my buriall vnto my said Executors, only I would have it without all manner of solemnitie but what is necessarie to the decent buriall of a Christian.

. . . Henerie Tubbe

in the presence of . . . Robert Shirte  
John Barrett  
John Hilliard

Proved in London the nyynth day of June 1655 by the oath of William Cole . . . to whom Administration was committed . . . Reserving power to doctor Samuell Bernard . . . when he shall come and in legall manner desire the same.'

The will throws a beautiful light on Tubbe's character. He has not allowed political differences or even personal neglect to make a breach of affection between himself and his only brother; he is loyal to the guardian of his orphan childhood, Dr. Bernard. He thinks kindly of the little Cornish village which had been the home of his race—of Southampton, where he was born—of Croydon and its Free School, in which he had been taught as a boy. In the (to him) evil days of the Protectorate he is faithful to the royal house, and when he would requite the kindness of Lady Hertford, under whose roof he had lived and who had helped to support him in his poverty, he leaves her as his most cherished possession his 'picture in litle' of the martyred King. Nor as a churchman does he forget that the ejected ministers and their widows and

<sup>1</sup> Perhaps Mr. John Winniff, nephew of the late Bishop and a connexion of Cole's.

fatherless children have a claim on his scanty means, if his brother should not return from beyond the seas.

At the time of his brother's death, Robert Tubbe, in command of the *Little Charity* of sixty seamen and twenty guns, was serving under Penn in the expedition sent by the Protector to Hispaniola and Jamaica. The fleet sailed from Spithead on Christmas Day, 1654, and though we are told that the *Little Charity* stayed behind to bring horses,<sup>1</sup> she probably joined the rest of the ships soon afterwards. Owing to discord between the fleet and the army, the expedition was a failure. Tubbe himself returned home safely, but he had difficulty in receiving the money due to him. At a meeting of the Council of State held on July 24, 1656, Mr. Francis Hodges was instructed to pay to Captain Robert Hay Tub for his pay to April 8, 1656, £25 18s.<sup>2</sup> But a Paper of October 11, 1659, shows that a large sum was still owing to him at that time. It is headed 'An abstract of the Names and Summes of money due to severall officers returned from Jamaica, who are now living, and doe at present claime the same (all deductions being made) their arrears at large being formerly stated and reported to the Councill', and it includes 'Robert Hay Tubb Captaine, £143 15s. 6d.'<sup>3</sup>

Tubbe's name does not occur in connexion with the fleet sent to the Sound in 1658 under Edward, Lord Montagu. It would have been, however, a pleasure to his brother to know that the Roundhead captain lived to serve Charles II. He commanded the *George* (one hundred and ninety men, forty guns) which formed part of the Duke of York's squadron in the fleet which won the battle of Lowestoft on June 3, 1665.<sup>4</sup> Whether he was wounded in this action or in that of July 30 which followed, we do not know, but he died a couple of months later. On October 16, 1665, the administration of the goods of Robert Hay Tubb was granted to Elizabeth Tubb, his relict. He is described as 'lately of the parish of Christ

<sup>1</sup> *Memorials of Sir W. Penn*, ii, pp. 17, 27.

<sup>2</sup> Record Office C.O., Class I, vol. xiii, 25.

<sup>3</sup> *Ibid.*, xiii, 74.

<sup>4</sup> *Memorials of Sir W. Penn*, ii, p. 317; Harl. MS., 1247; Sloane MS., 4459.

Church, London', but as having died at Woolwich, in the county of Kent. At that time Pepys was living with his family at Woolwich to avoid the plague then raging in London. Possibly the plague counted Tubbe among its victims. Whether he left children is again doubtful. On September 18, 1686, administration of the goods of a Richard Tubb, who had died a bachelor on the high seas in the *Resolution*, was granted to his sister, Jane Holcroft, whose husband, Thomas Holcroft, was then abroad. Possibly he was Robert Hay Tubbe's son.

## II. TUBBE'S LITERARY REMAINS

WE have seen that Henry Tubbe tried his hand at literature even in his student days at Cambridge. There is no doubt that he continued to do so to the end of his life. Yet, when he died, so far as I know, nothing that he had written had appeared in print, save one short poem of six lines on Joseph Hall, Bishop of Norwich. This is found in his manuscript collection, of which I shall speak shortly, under the heading, 'To I. H. B. of N. Upon his Picture.' The lines are engraved under Marshall's portrait of Hall in Hall's works, *Satan's Fiery Darts Quenched*, 1647; *Resolutions and Decisions*, 1649 and 1650; *The Great Mystery of Godliness*, 1652; probably also in other works. In each case 'H. Tubbe' is engraved under the lines, and in the two earlier works the words 'Anno 1641' appear on the plate.<sup>1</sup> If this gives the date at which the plate was engraved (and not merely that at which Hall's portrait was taken), Tubbe's lines must go back to that year at least.

But if Tubbe had published but very little before his death, he left behind him a mass of manuscript, which was then bound in two folio volumes, the stamping of the calf covers being identical in the two cases.<sup>2</sup> That it was not bound in his lifetime seems clear from the disorder and incompleteness of one of the volumes.

These two volumes differ in character and have had a very different history, as I must now show.

<sup>1</sup> In the two later works we find 'Anno 1650' substituted.

<sup>2</sup> Mr. Dobell tells me that the volumes were bound by Samuel Mearne.

1. What we may call for the moment Volume I contains a single work, practically ready for publication. The title-page runs thus:

## MEDITATIONS

## IN THREE CENTURIES

By H. Tubbe, M.A. sometimes

Of St. John's Colledge  
in Cambridge.

Give eare to my words, O LORD, consider my  
meditations. Psal. 5. 1.

It bears the signature :

'Octav. Pulleyn Warden July 17, 1659.'

The Meditations are by no means without merits of thought and pointed expression, and show Tubbe perhaps at his best. They seem to have been composed over a series of years. Thus the following sentence (MS. Meditation II, 15) would seem to have been written not later than the early days of the Long Parliament: 't is neither wisdom nor justice to pull down the frame of an ancient Building to make way for an alteration. God blesse us from such a Reformation, that must bee advanced in the ruines of a well-setled Government & Constitution.' When, however, in another place (III, 91) we read 'Mortuus est et Carolus', we know that this cannot be earlier than 1649.

Tubbe prefixed to each 'century' a form of dedication, though, as in the case of his dedication to his 'Epigrammes', of which I shall speak later, in each case he left a blank for his patron's name. We may conjecture, however, that 'The Right Honourable The Great Example of Religion and Vertue,<sup>1</sup> The Lady ——', to whom the first century was addressed, was either Lady Spencer or the Marchioness of Hertford: that 'The Right Honourable The Lady ——', to whom the second

<sup>1</sup> These words are those used by Jonson in dedicating his Epigrams to Lord Pembroke.

century was addressed and of whom he says, 'My Engagement to your La. is well known and if I should not confesse it, the World would cry out upon such vile Ingratitude,' was the other of these two protectresses, and that 'The Most Vertuous and worthy of all Titles Mrs. — Daughter to the right Honourable The Lady —', to whom the third century was dedicated, was a daughter of Lady Spencer.

Four years after Tubbe's death, through whose action we know not, a little printed duodecimo came out which stood in close relation to the manuscript work just described. The engraved title-page runs as follows :

## MEDITATIONS

*Divine*

&

*Morall*

By H. T.

*M:A: and sometimes  
of St John's Colledge,  
Cambridge.*

*Give eare to my words,  
o Lord, consider my  
Meditations. Ps: 5. 1.*

LONDON

Printed for *Robert Gibbs* at  
the Signe of *ŷ* Golden Ball  
in Chancery Lane  
near Serjants Inn.

1659

The Meditations, which occupy pages 1-189, are numbered from I to C (1-100) (the signatures being B-I<sup>12</sup>) and are preceded by a 'Preface to the Reader' without pagination, but running to thirty-one pages.

A copy of the book in this form is to be found in the British Museum (873 c. 2). It has the early signature 'Richard Jones' and another, 'T. Jolley 1815', with the book-plate of 'T. Jolley F.S.A.' Another copy in the library of St. John's College, Cambridge (Oo. 13, 23) was given to the College by Humphrey Gower, Master of the College 1679-1711.

Mr. Robert Bowes, in his *Catalogue of Cambridge Books*, mentions a copy of the same date, which was without the 'Preface to the Reader' and of which the engraved title was somewhat different.

The book appeared again in 1682, without the 'Preface to the Reader' and with a new title-page.

## MEDITATIONS

## DIVINE

## AND

## MORAL

---

BY

HENERY TUB fellow  
of St. *Johns* Colledge  
*Cambridge*

---

LONDON,

Printed for Robert Gibbs at the  
Golden-Bal in Chancery-Lane,  
1682

The printer had not set up the book afresh, but was trying to sell off his old stock. He now for the first time informed the public of the author's name, spelling it, however, in a way of his own, and adding the incorrect statement that he had been 'fellow' of his college. A copy of the work in this form was lately in the possession of Mr. Bertram Dobell, who kindly allowed me<sup>1</sup> to have it in my care for some weeks.

In what relation do the one hundred meditations of the printed book stand to the 'three centuries' of meditations of the manuscript? Thanks to Mr. Dobell, who lately owned the manuscript and kindly lent me that also, I can say that practically all the printed meditations are identical with meditations or parts of meditations—one or two with a combination of different meditations—in the manuscript. They have been arranged, however, with little regard to the order in which they stood originally, as may be seen from the following Table :

<i>Pr.</i>	<i>MS.</i>	<i>Pr.</i>	<i>MS.</i>	<i>Pr.</i>	<i>MS.</i>	<i>Pr.</i>	<i>MS.</i>
1	id. 2.62	27	id. 1.33	53	id. 1.17	77	id. 1.76
2	id. 2.44	28	id. 3.21	54	ext. 3.65	78	id. 1.41
3	id. 1.91	29	id. 1.40	55	id. 2.92	79	id. 1.46
4	id. 1.29	30	id. 2.60	56	id. 2.88	80	id. 1.48
5	id. 2.66	31	id. 2.70	57	id. 2.87	81	abb. 3.49, 50, 52
6	id. 1. 2	32	id. 2.16	58	abb. 3.78	82	ext. 3.51
7	id. 2.48	33	id. 1.85	59	abb. 3.94, 95	83	ext. 3.59
8	id. 2.77	34	id. 1.47	60	abb. 3.77	84	id. 1.74
9	id. 2.93	35	id. 3.33	61	abb. 1. 4	85	id. 1. 5
10	id. 2.43	36	id. 2.21	62	id. 2.27	86	id. 1. 1
11	id. 1.72	37	id. 1.34	63	id. 1.88	87	id. 3.15
12	id. 3. 6	38	abb. 3.43	64	id. 3.18	88	id. 3.16
13	id. 1.65	39	id. 1.44	65	id. 3.48	89	id. 2.67
14	id. 2. 7	40	id. 2.56	66	id. 2.64	90	id. 2.68
15	id. 1.55	41	id. 2.11	67	id. 2.74	91	id. 2.52
16	id. 2.22	42	id. 2.61	68	id. 3. 3	92	id. 2.53
17	id. 1.52	43	id. 1.58	69	id. 3.10	93	id. 2.59
18	id. 2.58	44	id. 3.20	70	id. 3.69	94	id. 2.54
19	id. 2.28	45	abb. 3.32	71	abb. 3.34	95	id. 3.74
20	id. 2.46	46	id. 2.20	72	abb. 3.35	96	abb. 3.66
21	id. 2.14	47	id. 2.85	73	abb. 3.93	97	id. 3. 1
22	id. 1.60	48	id. 2.76	74	abb. 3.88	98	id. 2.97
23	id. 1.43	49	id. 2.80	75	abb. & 3.90	99	id. 1.77
24	id. 3. 2	50	id. 1.49	76	ext.	100	id. 1.92
25	id. 1.81	51	id. 1.35				
26	id. 1.22	52	id. 1. 3				

<sup>1</sup> Thanks to the good offices of Mr. Percy Simpson.

In this Table the first column stands for the meditations of the printed book, the last for the corresponding meditations of the manuscript, while the intermediate column gives the relation between the two: 'id.' meaning that the two are practically identical, 'abb.' that the form in the printed book is somewhat abbreviated, 'ext.' that it is somewhat extended (possibly from some other part of the manuscript which I have not traced).

The result is that, while twelve of the printed meditations show abbreviation (often very slight), three extension, and two both abbreviation and extension, eighty-five are practically identical with manuscript meditations, except for differences of spelling and punctuation.

Who was it who thus reduced the three hundred Meditations of Tubbe's MS. as we have it to one hundred, slightly altered the title, omitted the dedications, and added a Preface? Was it Tubbe himself, or some posthumous editor? The Stationers' Register is here our only guide.

On May 11, 1659, Gibbes' book was entered on the Register in the following form:

Robert Gibbes. Entred for his cotype under the hand of Mr. Pulleyn Warden two bookes the one entituled The Excellent woman A Sermon preached at the funerall of Mrs. Scott by Tho: Case M.A., th' other called Meditations Divine & Morall by Henry Tubb M.A. of St. Johns Colledge, Cambridge vjd.

If Gibbes had been responsible for the changes which distinguish his book from the MS. we know, that MS., or a copy of it, must have been in his possession. That the actual MS. was not, is clear from the following entry on the Register.<sup>1</sup>

1 July 1659

Mr. Samuel Mearne. Entred for his copie under the hand of Mr. Pulleyn Warden a Booke called Meditations in three centuries by Henry Tubb M.A. sometime of St. Johns Colledge in Cambridge vjd.

<sup>1</sup> For copies of these entries I am indebted to the Registrar, Mr. C. R. Rivington, F.S.A.

This entry suggests that Gibbes' publication was unauthorized by Tubbe's representatives: and that on hearing of it his old friend Samuel Mearne, himself a prominent bookseller and publisher, submitted to Octavian Pulleyn, then Warden of the Stationers' Company, the very manuscript which now exists. Probably the intention to publish it in rivalry with Gibbes' book was quickly abandoned, and the MS. was left in Mr. Pulleyn's hands, who, on July 17, appropriated it by adding his signature to the title-page.

But if Gibbes had not this manuscript, he must have had another, and the question remains an open one whether the MS. in the form in which he presented it was Tubbe's work or the work of some one into whose hands Tubbe's *Meditations in Three Centuries* had fallen. It is possible, but hardly likely, that Gibbes' manuscript was a first form of the work afterwards expanded.

The manuscript appropriated by Pulleyn was next heard of when Mr. Frederick Hendriks wrote to *Notes and Queries* of November 2, 1861,<sup>1</sup> to say that he then had it in his possession.

At the recent sale of Mr. Hendriks' books, it passed to Mr. Dobell, who sold it, about September 1910, along with the printed edition of 1682, to E. Almack, Esq.

2. We now come to the consideration of the second volume of Tubbe's manuscripts—that called Harleian MS. 4126 in the British Museum. The contents, as will be seen, are of a very miscellaneous kind, both in poetry and prose.

The following is a synopsis of them:

- fo. 1. (Prose) 'Epistles. The First Century.' These are the English letters on which I have already drawn in my account of Tubbe's life. Epistles I–XI are numbered; the remaining twenty-three left unnumbered.
- fo. 39. 'Epistles,' i.e. Verse-epistles. There are four, of which the second is a paraphrase or adaptation of Suckling's lines 'To Master John Hales' (it is noticeable that, while Tubbe, like Suckling, invites his friend to see Jonson's

<sup>1</sup> 2 Ser. XII, pp. 346, 406. Mr. Hendriks misread 'Octav. Pulleyn' as 'Aar. Pulleyn' as I did myself at first.

plays, he says nothing of Shakespeare's, which Suckling clearly preferred); the third an adaptation of the first part of some anonymous verses prefixed to Randolph's poems, beginning 'As when a swelling cloud', and the fourth an adaptation of Randolph's poem, 'To Mr. Feltham on his book of Resolves.'

- fo. 44. 'Elegies.' A first series is numbered 1-9. In No. 6, on 'The Royall Martyr', some passages are rather bold plagiarisms from 'Hamlet'. No. 4 is an adaptation of the first part of Robert Randolph's lines, 'To the memory of his dear Brother', prefixed to Randolph's poems. No. 5 is an adaptation of T. Randolph's 'Elegy upon the Lady Venetia Digby', and No. 7 of Randolph's 'Elegie on the death of . . . Sir Rowland Cotton'.
- fo. 60. A second series of Elegies follows, numbered 1-7 (No. 7 being blank). No. 6 is an adaptation of Randolph's 'Platonick Elegie'. No. 1 seems to be suggested by two poems of Thomas Stanley's, 'The Tomb' and 'The Parting'.
- fo. 64. 'Hymnes' numbered 1-6 (No. 6 being blank).
- fo. 68. (Prose) 'The Argument of Penelopes Epistle to Vlysses'.
- fo. 69. (Prose) 'The Argument of Didos Epistle to Æneas'.
- fo. 71 begins abruptly with Ode 12. The series extends to Ode 18. Of these, Ode 14 'To Francis B. on his happy marriage' is an adaptation (perhaps to the case of Francis, son of Dr. Samuel Bernard) of Randolph's 'Epithalamium to Mr. F. H.' Ode 15 is an adaptation of Randolph's 'Ode to Mr. Anthony Stafford to hasten him into the Countrey',<sup>1</sup> and Ode 16 of Randolph's 'Pastorall Ode'. Ode 12 seems to owe something to Crashaw's 'Musical Duel'.
- fo. 84. On the Silke-worme.
- fo. 86. On . . . a . . . Brood of tame Partridges destroyed by . . . a . . . dog.
- fo. 89. On a Goose devoured by a Sow.

<sup>1</sup> It is noticeable that in this Ode and the foregoing alike Tubbe omits to echo Randolph's vows of celibacy.

- fo. 91. Satyr. A Censure of Travell.
- fo. 93. On the Gray-Friars of Ashford.
- fo. 95. (Prose) Charact. A Batchelour.
- fo. 98. Satyr 1. An adaptation of Randolph's poem, 'On the inestimable Content he enjoyes in the Muses'.
- fo. 100. Satyr. Sober Sadnes.
- fo. 109. Satyr. A Debate concerning the Engagement.
- fo. 110. Epigrammes, I Booke. Dedication (fo. 111) 'To the Great President of all Honour & Vertue, the most noble —'. It begins, 'My Lord', and is perhaps intended for the Marquis of Hertford. The series of epigrams begins on fo. 112 and runs from 1-35 (35 being blank). No. 24 is an adaptation of the first five lines of Suckling's poem, 'On New Year's Day 1640. To the King'; No. 25 of Suckling's poem, 'To Lord Lepington upon his translation of Malvezzi his "Romulus" and "Tarquin"'; No. 26, of Suckling's lines, 'To Will Davenant on his poem of Madagascar'; Nos. 28-32 respectively of Randolph's 'Epitaph upon Mistris I. T.' (first eight lines), 'Epitaph upon . . . Mr. Warre', 'In Natalem' (beginning 'The first birth Mary'), 'Upon his Picture', and 'To one Overhearing his Private Discourse'. Nos. 22 and 23 are translations respectively of Crashaw's Latin poems on the birth of the Princess Elizabeth and 'In serenissimæ Reginæ partum hyemalem'. The dedication and Epigrams 1, 2, 3, 5, 6, 7 recall, if in some cases very slightly, Ben Jonson's Epigrams.
- fo. 122. A fresh series of epigrams, numbered 3-31 (31 being blank). No. 7 is rather to be called an Ode; and No. 26 and (still more) No. 28, Satires. No. 9 corresponds to Randolph's poem, 'On the Passion of Christ', and Nos. 10-21 respectively to Randolph's 'Necessary observations' 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 9, 10, 6, 8, 15, 18, 17. No. 22 seems to be based on Crashaw's 'Divine Epigram', 'On the miracle of loaves'.
- fo. 131. (Prose) H. . . . Iohannensis Epistolarum ad Familiareis Libri XVI. Liber I. ad S. Bernardum. The series of letters runs from 1 to 10.

- fo. 134 v. (Prose) H. . . . Iohannensis ad Petrum-Paulum, et ceteros. Liber II. The series runs from 1 to 13.
- fo. 139. (Prose) R. T. Armigero. A single Latin letter, perhaps to Richard Tufton.
- fo. 140. (Prose) 'Devotions. In three centuries. By H. Tubbe M.A. sometimes of St. John's C. in Cambridge. Where is he that is born King of the Jewes? for wee have seen his Star in the East and are come to worship Him. Math. 2. 2. Devotions. The First Century.' The series extends from 1 ('A Morning Prayer for Sunday') to 9 ('A Prayer for Thursday morning'), which is blank.
- fo. 147. (Prose) 'Charact. A Bishop.' Only eight lines.
- fo. 148. (Prose) 'Charact. A Rebell.'
- fo. 151. (Prose) 'Charact. A Subject.'
- fo. 153. A fresh series of epigrams runs from 4-25 (25 being blank). No. 20 'On the Dominical Nose of O. C.' (the letters 'O. C.' being afterwards deleted) is really a Satire. No. 24 is a translation of Martial X. 47 (called here X. 4), apparently independent of Randolph's translation of the same epigram.

The book ends on fo. 157<sup>v</sup>.

I am afraid that Tubbe, if he is to be called a poet, is not a poet of the same order as many of his contemporaries. He has neither the spiritual ardour of Crashaw, the artistic nicety of Carew, nor the devil-may-care lightheartedness of Suckling. He had vast literary ambitions, as is seen by the care with which he collected and classified his compositions—even his familiar letters; but the fact that he included among them so many that were not strictly original points to a lack of strong inspiration, and suggests doubts of the originality of some poems which have not yet been traced to others. In eulogy and in vituperation he tends to hyperbole, and some of his best lines are spoilt by the bathos of those that succeed. He has the ingenuity of his age in inventing 'conceits', and he plays with this power in his mock-serious poems on the Twin-apple, the Silkworm, the Partridges, and the Goose, which in their own kind seem to me excellent—ingenious in fancy and rapid in movement. He strikes a note of devout sincerity in

his hymns, and there is sincerity in his poems of passionate loyalty to King Charles, and of indignation at his imprisonment and at his death on the scaffold. Here we ask chiefly for a little more restraint.

The poems in which Tubbe seems strongest and most individual are those in which he draws an Hogarthian picture of the religious fanatics of his own time, as 'The Gray-Friars of Ashford' and 'The Engagement'. Here again his strokes fall fast: and all the pictures need is a key such as Tubbe's contemporaries alone could supply.

Tubbe's favourite writers seem to have been Shakespeare (in *Hamlet*), Ben Jonson, Cleveland, Randolph, and Suckling. He appears to have known some part of the work of Crashaw, Thomas Stanley, and Francis Quarles.

From what has been said it is plain that Tubbe was not in the forward movement of his age. His couplet verse shows the old overflow of sense—it belongs to the time before our poetry had been 'refined', as Dryden would say, by Mr. Waller and Mr. Denham. But if Tubbe lacks the artistic restraint and polish of the later school, he is free also from its conventional tameness of expression. His language has a racy energy which too often is in excess of the energy of the thought. In metrical points he is also allied to the Elizabethans, especially in his fondness for a disyllabic pronunciation of the last part of words such as 'action', 'religion', 'division', 'conscience', 'patient'.

He frequently treats 'spirit' as a monosyllable. His spelling shows his pronunciation of 'Matchiavel'. Like the Elizabethans he treats a classical 'th' as a 't', and twice rimes 'Rhadamanthus' with 'daunt us'. He ignores the pedantic 'l' in 'vault', 'fault', 'realme' (of paper), and the pedantic 'th' in 'rythm', riming them with 'wrought', 'thought', 'theame', and 'time'. Needless to say he rimes 'ea' with 'ay' ('compleat', 'retreat', 'cheat', with 'great', 'key' with 'they'); 'er' with 'ar' ('pervert' with 'heart'). More noticeable are the rimes 'fifth' with 'gift', 'chamber' with 'clamber', 'fiends' with 'minds', and 'retrive' with 'alive'; 'word' with 'sword' (but 'worse' with 'curse', 'worke' with 'kirk'); 'tongue' with 'song', 'throng';

'occur'd' with 'inur'd'; 'tast' (= 'taste') with 'blast', 'wast' (= 'waste') and 'hast' (= 'haste') with 'fast', 'ground' with 'down', 'grounds' with 'crowns'. The rimes, 'spoil' with 'vile' and 'isle', and 'join' with 'combine', are perhaps rather Augustan than Elizabethan. Tubbe says 'quintessence', 'miscellanie', 'confessors', 'heteroclite', and on occasion 'désires', 'dévise', 'advise'd', 'forlorn', here throwing the stress farther back than is usual with us. In other words he keeps the stress on a later syllable than modern use tolerates—'records' (subs.) 'instinct' (subs.) 'retinue', 'surplusage'. He has the form—found also much earlier—'Goverment' for 'Government', and 'Shewer', for 'sewer'. Tubbe's prose 'Characters' have some interest from their allusions to Milton and their implicit attack on Cromwell. They suffer, as he himself acknowledges, from that tendency to tedious moralizing, which is seen in some of his letters.

The specimens of Tubbe's literary efforts which follow are taken almost entirely from what I have called the second volume of his MSS., viz. Harl. MS. 4126. I have given, however, his character of 'A Rebel' and five specimens of his Meditations, the latter from the printed edition of 1659.

In making a selection from the contents of the Harleian MS., I have naturally disregarded poems which have been found to be of the nature of plagiarisms or adaptations of other men's work. Otherwise, I have tried to make the selection represent the various sides of Tubbe's poetical activity.

## APPENDIX

### THE DEATH OF CAPTAIN JOHN TUBBE

THE circumstances of Captain Tubbe's death are given in the following documents: Egerton MS. 2596, fo. 163 (endorsed, 'My L<sup>d</sup> General Veres relation of y<sup>e</sup> entreprize vppon Terheyden, May 1625'); ditto fo. 165 (in a different hand, perhaps an enclosure to the foregoing, accompanying a plan); Henry Hexham, *Relation of the Famous Seige of Breda*, Delft 1637; State Papers Domestic, Charles I, vol. ii, fo. 80, Letter from John Chamberlain to Sir D. Carleton 'from London this 21<sup>th</sup> of May 1695'; Historical MSS. Commission, Appendix to Fifth Report, p. 411 (Manuscripts of Miss Conway Griffith, Carreglwyd, Anglesey, and Berw, N. Wales) '15 May, 1625, A coppie of a letter from the earle of Oxford to his lady, written at Gertrugdenberg': Grimstone, *Historie of the Netherlands*, continued by W. Crosse, 1627, p. 1513.

It appears that an attack on Terheyden having been resolved, between 5,000 and 6,000 foot and eight troops of horse marched on the night of Monday, May 12<sup>2</sup>, from Dungen in Brabant, in three divisions or brigades. The vanguard consisted of the French with some Dutch: the English in twenty-three companies had the 'battle': the Scots and Frisians the rearguard. The next night (Tuesday) they rested at Gertrugdenberg, and remained there on Wednesday, as it was a day of solemn prayer, till evening. It then fell to the lot of the English to have the vanguard, the Frisians and Scots the 'battle', and the French the rear.

The English subdivided themselves into four divisions—the first consisting of four companies under the Earl of Oxford, the second of six companies under Sir Jacob Astley, the third of six companies under Sir John Proud, the fourth

of seven companies under Sir John Vere. One of the companies in this division was Captain Tubbe's.

Terheyden was approached by a dike or causeway which was so narrow that at the broadest point not more than twenty men could march abreast. The attack was led by a company of the 'Grave of Horens' (Prince of Orange) of some fifty firelocks and with them twenty pikes commanded by Ernely, Lieutenant to Sir Edward Hawley (who commanded a company in the first division); next came Evans, Lieutenant to Sir John Vere with thirty pikes, twenty musqueteers, and two sergeants; then the fireworks with grenado's. After these went on the forlorn hope consisting of 400 men, half pikes and half musqueteers; the first 100 of whom were commanded by Captain Tubbe, with Skippon, Lieutenant to Captain Killegrewe, and Read, Ensign to Captain Gibson, and four sergeants. The whole of the forlorn hope was commanded by Sir John Proud.

After the forlorn hope came the four divisions: the first commanded by the Earl of Oxford; the last, which was intended as a reserve or support, by Sir John Vere.

The quarter or fort was only to be approached by the dike, the low ground on either side of which was under water. 'Upon the entrance into it there was a traverse, supported by a redoubt; then another traverse and a second redoubt;<sup>1</sup> and lastly a 'great work that overlooked them and therein some Artillery'.

The attack was made between 2 and 3 A.M. On the approach of the 'loose men', the enemy forsook the first traverse, and the soldiers impetuously assaulted and took the first redoubt, the second traverse and the second redoubt, and pressed on boldly to the main work. They found it, however, unscaleable, and they had neither scaling ladders nor a supply of fire-works. It was idle to persist, and yet the men could hardly be drawn off from the attempt.

An hour and a half had been spent, and most of the ammunition exhausted; the enemy was thoroughly alarmed;

<sup>1</sup> Egerton MS., 2596, fo. 165, states that there were three, if not four traverses.

the ground seized was too confined to allow of support coming up without danger of confusion ; and no scaling ladders were brought up. Accordingly, the command was given to retreat and very reluctantly obeyed, 'from whence I conclude that notwithstanding the long discontinuance of action, our nation doth still retain its ancient courage and valour'. The English slain amounted to 62, the wounded to 110. Most of the loss was sustained in the retreat. The list of slain is headed by the names of Sir Thomas Wynne (a volunteer), Captain Tubbe and Captain Dacres. Grimstone informs us that both the latter were wounded with small shots. It appears from Lord Oxford's letter of May 15 that Captain Tubbe was then still alive, though not expected to recover.

## POEMS

*[When thou and I must part]*

WHEN wee have lost our Breath, & shall not vex  
 The Citty, nor the precise Holy Sects  
 Of our new Reformation, with Mirth,  
 Which though refin'd, yet they say smells of Earth:  
 When Wit and Innocence shall both expire,  
 And our Soules flourish with eternall Fire:  
 When all is gone that the false envious World  
 With much regret into our Pockets hurl'd:  
 When the harsh Thunder of a Drawer's Voice,  
 Hucsters Non-sense, mixt with a Medley-noise 10  
 Of Carmen, Prentises, & Boyes, no more  
 Shall trouble us: and when no after-Score  
 Shall mend our first mistaken Reckonings:  
 When Tailors, Sergeants, and such hatefull Things  
 Shall leave us, & wee them; when Thou & I,  
 That never single were, must part and dye:  
 Our Freinds (I hope) will be so liberall  
 And kind, to let us have one Buriall,  
 One Grave to blend our Ashes, as one Life  
 Did mix our equall Hearts with mutuall strife 20  
 Of Friendship & Delight. There (as Wise Men  
 Beleeve, that Love lives after Death) agen  
 Our Spirits shall intermix, & weave their Knots;  
 Free from the trouble of these earthly Grotts;  
 Thence winged flie to the Elysian Groves,  
 Where, whilst wee still renew our constant Loves,  
 A Thousand Troops of Learned Ghosts shall meet  
 Us, and our coming thither gladly greet.  
 First the Great Shadow of Renowned BEN  
 Shall give us hearty, joyfull Wellcome: then 30

Ingenious *Randolph* from his lovely Arms  
 Shall entertaine us with such mighty charms  
 Of strict embraces, that wee cannot wish  
 For any comforts greater than this Blisse:  
 From hence dismiss'd through many winding Wayes  
 And subtile turnings, where each Spirit playes,  
 Delighting to be lost in such a Maze  
 Of Joyes & Pleasure, our just, even Pace  
 Shall bring us to that sweet Forgetfull Lake,  
 Which (if brave Pöets sing the Truth) will make 40  
 All Sorrow flie away from them that bath  
 Their thirsty Pallates in the liquid Path.  
 Here on a shadie Plot of pleasant Ground  
 Those scorned Lovers mingle in a Round,  
 Who in their Life time were unhappily  
 Blasted & torne by cruell Perjurie.  
 All these frequent the pow'rfull Streames, to drowne  
 Their burning Greifes, & drinke their Sorrows downe:  
 That the Inconstant Sex may not torment  
 Their Shadowes after Death, with Discontent. 50  
 And here Wee Two swell'd with delightfull joy  
 Shall quite forget those Cares, which did annoy  
 Our Minds in this vaine Region of Greife,  
 Where there is little Comfort or Releife.  
 Wee'll sit upon the flowrie Banks, and spend  
 Our cheerfull Thoughts in Pleasures without End.

### ON M<sup>RS</sup> KATHARINE SPENCER

WHAT mournfull Hearse is this, that thus makes sute  
 And wooes my Teares & Verse for a Salute?  
 For that is all, that the weake Impotence  
 Of my strong Greife, and dull Muse can dispençe:  
 Let other Pens sweat to advance her Fame,  
 Mine shall but touch the odour of her Name:  
 For though my Sorrow be as large as that  
 Which knows no bounds; yet the Expression's flat,  
 And falters in her freenesse, 'cannot sound

The Object's depth without a killing Wound. 10  
 Her Sweetnes, Courtesie, her Mildnes, Truth,  
 Her simple Wisdome, Gravitie in Youth,  
 Like Lines i' th' Circle of her Life did run  
 Upon the Center of Devotion.  
 There Shee was fixt, and to that Head did draw,  
 All the sweet Precepts of her vertuous Law:  
 A Law, that She propos'd unto her selfe  
 As a fair Marke t' avoid the dang'rous Shelve  
 Of each Temptation, which the World presents  
 Like Pearls, to hide their horrid Discontents. 20  
 What Nature, Education, Fortune could  
 Bestow, by use She made her own true Good.  
 How did She hate the tempting tunes of Vice,  
 Whose Musique draws unto a Precipice!  
 When wee did urge the Cure of her Disease,  
 Her Soule assur'd her of a better Ease.  
 Her Sufferings were her Joy, the dolorous Paine  
 Of Sicknes was the Earnest of her Raigne;  
 That Raigne, that Crown Triumphant, w<sup>ch</sup> defies  
 The petty Scorns of the World's Injuries: 30  
 With which oppress'd, like a just, pious Theefe,  
 She stole away to Heaven for Releife.  
 Her Breath departed hence without a groane,  
 As She had wish'd her Dissolution.  
 Let Angells sing the honour, majestie,  
 And greatnes of her Immortalitie;  
 All I can say is this, She could not stay  
 To weare that longer, w<sup>ch</sup> would weare away.  
 Her Body was the Burden of her Soule,  
 Which now advanc'd is under no controule 40  
 Of Weaknes, Vanitie, or Sin, as free  
 From the least taint of all Impuritie,  
 As is her lovely name; a Fixed Star,  
 Fix'd above all the Clouds of Death & War.

To the Memory of my deare Friend  
 MRS. PENELOPE SYMCOTS, who dyed of  
 a violent Feaver in the Flower of her  
 Age, at Hatton House in Holborne,  
 London. Jul. 31. 1651.

Farwell vaine Life! for Shee, whose vertues led  
 My wandering steps, (they say) is dead.  
 Wellcome deare Death! for Shee, that made life sweet,  
 Lies here a carcase in a Sheet.  
 That Flesh that would have more than halfe refin'd  
 Our Soules, is vanish'd hence like Wind:  
 That Soule, the Jewell of that lovely Shrine,  
 Compos'd o' th' purest Oare i' th' Mine,  
 Is now transported to a Throne of Blisse,  
 So great, wee can't define what 't is. 10

\* \* \*

Cultores sui Deus protegit

C A R O L U S

Flint-hearted Tyrants! use your arts  
 To bruise our Bones, & breake our Hearts!  
 Tempestuous Storms may swell and rise,  
 But cannot range above the Skies:  
 Where Innocence & Vertue stand aloofe,  
 Free from the darts of Envy, Malice-prooffe.

Danger is nothing but a Name  
 Which jealous States-men slily frame  
 To fright their Vassalls: Wee that looke  
 At Heaven's Favour, are not strooke 10  
 With Apparitions. Shackles, Fire, & Sword,  
 Are but to Us the Terrour of a Word.

Vaine Fancy! Idle Fury! what  
 Is that Device, you call a Plot?

What are those subtle, pretty Snares?  
 Cobwebs for Flies, or Traps for Hares?  
 Fishers of *Men* you are not sure: for then  
 Wee should be proud to fill your greedy Den.

Poor, silly, Cut-throat! that same Knife  
 May let out blood, but let in Life. 20  
 Our Dwelling is above! there, there  
 Wee live! wee are but Pris'ners here!  
 Such is the Kindnes of your Wrath! The Theefe  
 That would have rob'd us, sends a quick Releife.

Religion cannot suffer so,  
 As not to overcome her Foe.  
 Goodnes is such a Roiall Charm,  
 It both prevents & drives off Harm.  
 The Naked Truth is Meate, Drinke, Cloaths, and Sleepe:  
 Hee's ever safe, whom Heav'n vouchsafes to keepe. 30

His Service is our Libertie;  
 And in that Freedome wee enjoy  
 Such strong Defence, such things of Price,  
 Our Prison is our Paradise:  
 And though layd up for Death, preserv'd to bleed,  
 Wee only lie to be secur'd indeed.

Thus our Renowned Palm doth rise  
 Like a brave Embleme to our Eyes.  
 His Weights make light his Resurrection:  
 The Beaten Rock is His Perfection. 40  
 Grace exceeds Vanitie, till both conclude  
 A Crown of Glory and Beatitude.

Thus mighty *Charls* still lives to bee  
 The Image of his Victorie.  
 And though rebellious Hands combine  
 To spoile his Statues, and his Coine;  
 Hee shall remaine by his Example, best:  
 An Angell of bright Gold in every Breast.

The fatall Axe, the surly Frown,  
 The rugged Buffe, & ruffling Gown, 50  
 These Signes of Pride shall ne're put down  
 The brightnes of his high Renown.  
 Hee is the Hieroglyphik of Eternall Joy,  
 Which no faint Stroaks of Witchcraft can destroy.

Thus the Defender of our Faith  
 From the same Faith protection hath.  
 Devotion was his Guard; and then  
 He could not need the strength of Men.  
 He that can worship, and beleeve so well,  
 Is above all the Pow'rs of Earth & Hell. 60

He scornes to lurke in a Disguise  
 To cheate the Folly of our Eyes:  
 Hypocrisie is but a Vaile;  
 Plaine Justice was his Coat of Maile.  
 Thus arm'd, Hee may bee truly, safely sayd,  
 Like SOLOMON, in Proverbs all array'd.

His firm Repentance was in stead  
 Of a rich Helmet to his Head.  
 No bloody Speare or fierie Dart  
 Could peirce the Breast-plate of his Heart. 70  
 His solid Greifes, and strict Anxieties  
 Were the Close Armour of his Victories.

Hee was a Christian Cap-a-pe,  
 Girt round with true Divinitie:  
 And though hee walk'd in a Red Sea  
 Of Civill War and Crueltie,  
 His Hands were white, his Feet with Peace were shod;  
 Indued all over with the Arms of God.

#### ON THE SILKE-WORME

THE Silke-worme's Work & Labour now is mine;  
 A Taske (on this side Heaven) most divine!  
 A Worke, that in the Subject may contend  
 With *Virgil's* Bee, however it bee penn'd!

Pretty neat Huswife! pray, what Nature is't  
 Hath taught thee this fine Art to spin & twist  
 Those precious Threads, w<sup>ch</sup> make the Flow-man vaile  
 And strike his Russet-bonnet to thy Saile!  
 Sure 't is some Providence, Something no lesse  
 Than that High Power, w<sup>ch</sup> his Gifts doth blesse 10  
 With a preserving Skill, hath freely lent  
 Both for Necessity and Ornament.  
 How can the cunning Artisan let slip  
 The pompe and glory of thy Workmanship!  
 What vast & mighty pleasures this small Wretch  
 Disperses from it selfe, enough to stretch  
 A barren Fancy into teeming joyes!  
 A Heape, that satisfies, but never cloyes.  
 Pleasure & Profit, Wit and Industry,  
 Mix their great Powers in this Little Fly. 20  
*Minerva's* Loom is shrunke into his Cell;  
*Arachne's* Web is a slight Paralell.  
 Deck'd with the travaile of these creatures, Kings  
 And Queens become such Honourable Things.  
 The Gallant ruffling in a Silken Storme,  
 Poor Man, is yet beholding to a Worme  
 For all his Braverie! when the wind is low,  
 This pettie *Aeolus* must make Him blow,  
 Set up his Sailes, and from his Wardrope bring  
 The blust'ring gloryes of a glitt'ring King. 30  
 Wee have our Physick too from Him: the Heart  
 Is cloath'd with easy health, and freed from smart.  
 The smooth & downie Wings of Sweet Content  
 Are woven here, the Mind's Habiliment.  
 It cheers the Soule, it recreates the Sad,  
 In rugged Times it makes the Spirits glad,  
 It calmes distempers, smooths a wrinckled Brow,  
 And swells our thoughts, although our Fate bee low;  
 It mollifies our greifes, and doth assuage  
 The course afflictions of this ragged Age: 40  
 In vaine wee use Steel-physick to confute  
 The Iron-World; 't is this Soft Thing must doe't.

As tender drops of dew dissolve the Stone,  
 Our Hardship thus doth vanish and is gone;  
 As solemne Musique gluts the greedy Eare,  
 It fills with courage; and it purges Feare;  
 Inspires, and expells; it breeds & feeds  
 Our good, but starves & kills our wicked deeds:  
 It stores the Mind with Angells, & lets out  
 Those wild corruptions, that rebellious rout 50  
 Of Sinnes & Devills, which perplex the Saint  
 Till Soveraigne Faith & Roiall Reason faint.  
 A Virgin's Smile distill'd into a Kisse  
 Is not such comfortable joy as this!  
 This is the force of Silkes! in harder termes  
 This is the strength & vertue of *\*Alkermes*.  
 All this that thus cloaths, cures, preserves, reformes,  
 Windes up in praise to our Silke-spinning Wormes.  
 Their Breeding is so †delicate, 't must needs  
 Produce such mild effects, such glorious deeds. 60  
 Observe with wonder, how this punie Elfe  
 Doth worke, and winde, and nuzzle up himselfe  
 In a rich Bed of Silke! His Mulb'ry Feast  
 Once past, hee runs to his laborious Rest,

*\* Alkermes.* A famous Confection, made of Silke decocted & infused into the juice of *Kermes*, a Soveraigne remedy against fainting & swooning; very restorative & comfortable to sickly weake people, and a good Cordiall for all kind of Sadnesse, Greife, & Distraction.

† Very delicate indeed. I. in regard of the Time, the best part of the yeare, the Spring, and the best part of the Spring, in April, at the Moon's Increase, and for the time of the day, they must be fed every morning & evening, and upon the fourth change at noon also. II. in respect of the Meanes, the Leaves of the Mulberie, a Tree very rare in most Countreyes, and those Leaves, w<sup>ch</sup> are most tender, and of those Trees, w<sup>ch</sup> are planted upon the topps of Hills, standing open to the Sun. &c. III. of the Matter: the Seed w<sup>ch</sup> is but a yeare old to bee made choice of for Breeders. IV. the Manner of Production. this Seed must bee made ripe & mellow with a bath of Wine. V. the Place. 1. by the Fire's Side. 2. betwixt two Pillowes stuff'd with soft warm Feathers, or betwixt a Woeman's Breast . . . 3. upon Boards or Papers, rubb'd over with Wormwood, or some such wholesome Hearb, w<sup>ch</sup> discovers the profit as well as the pleasure and curiositie of this Beast. There are many other circumstances very observable in the generation & education of our Silkworme; but these are sufficient to prove the admirable finenesse of his constitution.

Lurkes in his politique Huske, as if hee meant  
 With ease to undermine *The Parliament*,  
 Workes like a Powder-traitour in a Hole ;  
*Faux* himselfe was not such a crafty Mole.  
 See, sayes \*S<sup>r</sup> WALTER EARLE, this is the way  
 To settle the *Commission of Array*. 70  
 If Hee bee suffer'd to expire his stuffes,  
 Wee shall have treason shortly lurke in muffes ;  
 I tell you, Freinds, if Hee be suffer'd so  
 To vent his Wares, if the State let Him goe,  
 Thus orderly to traine his Silver Band,  
 Our brazen-fac'd *Militia* cannot stand.  
 These are the Workes of Peace & Darknesse ! War  
 Is our Delight : This sleizie Peice will marre  
 Our sturdy Soules ; A solid massie Crown  
 Is not brought forth on Beds of melting Down. 80  
 Dixit S<sup>r</sup> MIDWIFE. But the quiet Flies  
 Smile at his harmlesse testy injuries.  
 They sweat in hope of Better Times, whilst I  
 Wrapt in conceit of this deepe Myserie,  
 Dare wish, if neither Gold, nor Silver must  
 Denominate our wellfare, though but Dust,  
 If neither Honey come in floods, nor Milke,  
 We may bee gluttet with the Age of Silke.

## ON THE GRAY-FRIARS

## Of Ashford

YOU that love Monsters, come along with mee ;  
 Ashford, like Africk, yeelds varietie.  
 The Elders are in view ! Behold & see,  
 A very Vision of Iniquitie !

\* S. WAL. EARL. A Man (shall I say? or a *Man-midwife*, as One  
 sayd of Him) who was wont to deliver the Commonwealth of her swelling  
 tympanies, & make strange discoveries of *Horrible Plots*. a Man, that  
 help'd to ruine  $\Phi$  in deciphering & tormenting those innocent Characters  
 of his Name ; and if He be yet in Beeing, will hardly suffer these tame  
 harmlesse Vermine to doe their Businesse in Peace.

A Black, & White Witch blended ; a pure Saint  
 Mixt with a Sable Feind in doubling Paint.  
 Here is *Albumazar*, the Learned Clown,  
 Larded with a Set-ruff & a rug-gown:  
 After a hearty draught of right Sage-Ale,  
 He sayes, he seldome knew his judgment faile. 10  
 And there's the *Justice* in a Velvet-jerkin,  
 Wash'd with the heav'nly dewes of brave *Pomperkin* ;  
 And under it a Doublet steeped in Braggot,  
 Of Buffe, as tough (for ryme's sake) as a Faggot :  
 Hee, hee it is, who, when all's done & sayd,  
 Like *Ipse dixit*, strikes the *Naile* o' th' Head.  
 There sits a Venerable *Muftie*, drest  
 With Lungs for Three Parts, & a double Chest  
 To beare the Burden, a wide Weasand to 't,  
 A Crosse-bow-mouth, and a rich Nose to boot, 20  
 Which indeed makes the Musick, whines in chimes  
 Like Friar *Bacon's* Brasse upon all Times :  
 Though his Braines are not of this Amplitude,  
 In sooth, his Malice is a *Multitude* ;  
 A Legion of Mischeifes, that can't rest,  
 Till it have quite destroy'd both Man & Beast :  
 And yet this Brotherhood would seem to bee  
 The Bulwarkes of some Fine Felicitie.  
 Like meager Ghosts they trembling sit & stand,  
 As *Inborow* and *Outborow*\* to th' Land. 30  
 These Vestry-Varlets with their hanging Eares,  
 The Emblem of our Jealousies & Feares,  
 For their *Jerusalem* yet act their part  
 Like stout, proud Heires of great King ROBERT's Heart.†

\* *Inborow* & *Outborow*.<sup>o</sup> This Title in good earnest did once belong to *Patrick Earle of Dunbar*. <sup>w<sup>ch</sup></sup> (according to Mr. *Camden's* interpretation) signifies thus much, that he was to allow & observe the ingresse & egresse of those that travailed to & fro between both Realmes. In a metaphoricall jeer (I thinke) it may be well applyed to these officious Time-servers, who sit only to marke passages of State, without any effectuall Power, either to benefit themselves, or the Commonwealth.

† Our Histories report of *K. Robert Brus*, that having made a Vow to goe to the Holy Land, he gave order at his death, thinking that a sufficient discharge of this solemne duty, to have his Heart carried to *Jerusalem*. These punctuall *Reformers* may seem to be Inheritours of this constant

If Captaine SQUIRT but moderate, the Throng  
 Listens, and gapes for Sweet-meats from his Tounge.  
 Like a State-glisten it cures backward still  
 With Quantities of Zeale, enough to fill  
 A *Seeker's* Belly, bravely dish'd & stew'd,  
 To tast, as every Palate is indued.

40

His Thoughts are stuff'd with a destructive Curse,  
 Just like the Treason of the Timber-Horse:  
 And wee shall have, although but arse-versie,  
 A Layre of Justice, and a Layre of Mercy.

What is thy Price & Pow'r, Religion! when  
 Things, that but only weare the shapes of Men,  
 Yea, scarce so much, Hobgoblin-Vanities,  
 Must governe Thee; and with their fulsome Lies  
 Corrupt the sweetnesse of that Truth, w<sup>ch</sup> brings  
 Such Health, as crownes the Diadems of Kings?  
 Sweet little Town! How are thy Streets defil'd  
 With these wild Beasts, e'en blasted & revil'd  
 With Execrations, the blasphemie

50

Of their vile lookes & presence! Pietie  
 Is but an idle Name, since these Wormes first  
 Usurp'd the reines, and with their harsh votes curst  
 The glory of our Church: Devotion  
 Is but a scurvy loathsome Potion!

Rare Physick! Doctour SMECTYMNUUS railes  
 And cries, The Directory never failes.

60

One by the vertue of strong roapie Ale  
 Inspir'd, can make a Sermon of a Tale;  
 Which taken to the purpose, hee'll defie  
 His Adversaries with Alacritie;  
 And from those Fumes obtaine the mysterie  
 Of a religious, pious Alcumy;  
 Retrive the Age, and turne it back againe  
 Into the Splendour of a Golden Raigne;

spirit & resolution, who having first by a firm *League & Covenant*  
 devoted their very soules to *Presbytery*, and afterwards by a sad expira-  
 tion of their Power quite lost the way thither, doe yet bequeath the dead  
 Heart of their desperate designs to be transported to this Blessed Habita-  
 tion of (I know not what) Peace & Government.

Our *Iron-Workes* shall down, down, By this Liqueur,  
 That so our Faith in Gold may grow the quicker. 70  
 Bless'd with the quiet Gift of Yea & Nay  
 This Post can purely prophetic & pray;  
 Although Cassandra-like, 'tis his ill hap  
 Not to have Credit, till the After-clap;  
 Till grave S<sup>r</sup> JOHN Himselfe be made the Game  
 Of all our misery, of all our shame.  
 Neighbour to both these, betwixt Drunke & Sober  
 Stands One, that looks like Autum in October;  
 And yet forsooth, if you but name the *King*,  
 His Loialltie will glister like the Spring: 80  
 I like the Spring! it sprouts, & springs, & growes,  
 And growes; but when it will bee ripe, God knowes.  
 This by the motion of his waving Crest,  
 And the Hand layd devoutly on the Breast,  
 Such vigour gives, such valour to the rest,  
 To live & dye with Him, They hold it best.  
 Another swells like a young preaching Cub  
 With a devout Oration in a Tub;  
 Nay, since that Vessell was transform'd, the Worst  
 Are *Orthodox Divines*, bred up and nurst 90  
 In *Revelations!* The valiant Sword  
 Of *Scanderbeg* is *Nothing* to the *Word*;  
 The razour-metall-Word! that cuts & teares  
 Their very mouths up to their very Eares!  
 Th' aspiring Word! w<sup>ch</sup> sometimes gets so high,  
 That 't is enroll'd in *Albo Oculi!*  
 And whosoever tries the Altitude  
 Of sense or meaning there, does but intrude  
 Upon such mysteries, as ne're were seen  
 But by the equall force of such like Eyne. 100  
 Yet 't is to bee suppos'd, when those Lights heave,  
 The Maw is glutted with some Bishop's sleeve:  
 A Sacrilegious Bit perfumes the throat  
 With such a Sent, it sets the Eye a-flote.  
 Their Stomacks are not queasie! these Mad Waggs  
 Can swallow down the Reliques of the Raggs,

Dropt from that Linen, w<sup>ch</sup> the Blessed Whore,  
 The dainty Wench of Babylon once wore.  
 But stay! I know the reason now of all  
 These checquer'd tricks, these rude, phantasticall, 110  
 Light & darke shoves of Goggles, Luggs, & Nose,  
 Cleare, cloudie Colours, as the Gray Fox goes,  
 Silver-haird Sanctity, & Dapple Grace,  
 A Brown-blew Bonnet, a pease-porridge-Face,  
 Good & Bad spoild together in all parts;  
 'T is the bright Horror of their durty Hearts!

Thus their close Guilt, like a slow Poison, workes  
 Upon their Soules at last in horrid jerks;  
 And that foule Venome, w<sup>ch</sup> did lurke before  
 For others ruine, strikes at their own door. 120  
 Well, say no more, fond Muse! the groveling State  
 Of these poor Wretches cannot recreate  
 Thy 'angry Spleen! In such deepe Miseries  
 Pity may find enough to glut her Eyes!

### SATYR. A DEBATE CONCERNING THE ENGAGEMENT

THE ranting Frie of our *New Amsterdam*  
 Exalted to the Pitch of Mighty *Cham*,  
 Contending with our *Dam-mee-Cavaliers*,  
 Were in Dispute together by the Eares.  
 Amongst the rest *S. Harry Whimsey* comes  
 With a Retinue of loud talking Drums,  
 Thus charging in the Front. 'Confound mee then,  
 Th' *Engagement* is the very Soule of Men!  
 The Quintessence of Heav'n! It is decreed,  
 There's No Salvation Sir (on this side Tweed) 10  
 Without it. 'T is th' *Elixir* of our Creed:  
 And they who take it, are blest Saints indeed;  
 Double-refin'd-Sugar-Loaves of Pietie,  
 Sweet Gracious Babes, Cream of Divinitie,  
 Gods at the first Remove, and at the next  
 No lesse than Angells sure. (So sayes my Text.)

With that a Botcher yawn'd; O Brother! fie!  
 On my Fidelitie-now-law, You lie!  
 This is Damnation verily! for why?  
 The Grace of God is pure *Presbyterie!* 20  
 At this a Gentle Weaver wondring stands  
 With white engaging Eyes, & lofty Hands,  
 Riming them into Peace, with, *By my Fay,*  
 Stay (I beseech you) stay, *By Yea and Nay,*  
 (As I may sing & say) Y'are out o' th' Way.  
 A doughty Champion of the State then rises,  
 Subdues these Curates of the lesser Sises,  
 And with his *Morglay*-Elbowes quite confutes  
 The crazy Shreds of their disputing Sutes,  
 Slighting weake Arguments with valiant Noise, 30  
 And the high Impudence of his Brasse-Voice.  
 After this *Hercules*, runs limping in  
 A little Shrimp, that serves but for a Pin  
 To hold the Woemens Charitie together,  
 Though by his shrill Throat He might be Bel-weather  
 To the whole flock: Both He and She delight  
 To heare the Reasons of this tinckling Sprite.  
 At last the Beast growes dumb, for ever whist,  
 Choak'd with the Breathings of a Female Mist:  
 The zealous Fog hath spoil'd our tinie Page; 40  
 And He can only gaspe, *Engage, Engage!*  
 But see! a brave Virago of Devotion  
 Is mounted next, swell'd w<sup>th</sup> the Spirit's Motion,  
 Like mad *Bes Broughton* in a learned Vaine,  
 Or Madam *Shipton* with prophetique Straine;  
 She tells her huge, wide-gaping Auditorie,  
 That She is greivous sick, and fearfull sorry  
 To see the *Power Rampant* of the *States*  
 So much declin'd for want of Feminine Pates.  
 A dire Mistake! Bee it enacted then 50  
 Against th' insulting Pride of willfull Men,  
 Truth & Fidelitie be sworne to None,  
 But the fine Common-wealth of *Gill & Joane.*  
 They all subscribe & yeeld! Since Man is grown

So out of tune, let Woeman rule alone:  
 And then to satisfie such deare Temptation,  
 Wee'll damn our Selves by Oath of Adjuration.

## TO MY BROTHER

I LIKE not Friends in rithme: nor will allow  
 His over-skillfull faith, whose Braines o'reflow  
 With deepe invention, while the streame of Love  
 Ebbs into aire; whose loose affections move  
 In artificiall numbers from his Pen,  
 That writes of Men Lovers, not Loving Men.  
 Give mee an earnest Soule, a sincere Heart,  
 Can sympathise without the helpe of Art.  
 Let Nature have her right in those, who are  
 By nature knit: let no crosse-building marr 10  
 This goodly frame; that well-tun'd harmonie;  
 In which who live, know Heaven before they dye:  
 'Tis Love's Astronomy; Then why doe I  
 Confine my Selve to this Geometrie,  
 Such earthly measure, such grosse lines? & when  
 I write against Art, play the Artist then?  
 But friendly Brother know this difference  
 Of common Friendship, led by outward Sence  
 Is none of *Ours*: so, wee'll not make a War  
 In things, w<sup>ch</sup> in themselves doe never jarre: 20  
 If Art serve Nature, Nature governe Art,  
 Then both to serve us may well beare a part.  
 They not being contrary subordinate  
 Are to our Wishes; & compose the State  
 Of sweetly-mixt desires, firm brotherhood,  
 Of vertue, strength, perfection, & all good.  
 Then give mee leave at length t' admire in You,  
 That which 'twixt Us maintaines so strict a Vow.  
 I am all Wonder. Could my Pen lim forth  
 Like to APELLES Pencill, thy rare worth, 30  
 Thy Forehead on some Frontispiece should stand  
 Bedeck'd with Lawrell; & by Fame's high hand

Supported tell to future Times from mee  
 The Muses show'd their Prodigallitie,  
 And likewise Nature, when both did impart  
 Their Gifts, to make thee Nature join'd w<sup>th</sup> Art.

TO [THE LORD THE MARQUESSE OF  
 HARTFORD?]

MY Lord. You have the Will & Pow'r to doe  
 That which is good & great; the Knowledge too  
 Of every Circumstance in every Act,  
 Which makes the meanest Worke a famous Fact.  
 That you know how, & where, & when t'apply  
 Your favour, love, respect; this drawes the Eye  
 Of the Whole World upon your vertues; all  
 Admire to see goodnes so rise & fall  
 As is the object that it workes upon:  
 Whereby the least things seem the greatest, donne 10  
 With such a seasonable grace and measure,  
 Proportion, & just weight: you take a pleasure  
 To be exactly vertuous; and your Friends  
 Wonder, delight, & love to see your Ends.  
 That you know how to fight, & how to cloath  
 Your armes in Peace; that you are skill'd in both,  
 In both alike, is the amazement of  
 Your Humble Creatures (although they that scoffe  
 And jeer at Vertue will say this is nought  
 But a fine trick of State, a handsome Fault) 20  
 Because 't is rare; & wee have seldome known  
 An equall fame, an even, just renown  
 Accrue to severall Acts. But they that know  
 Your cleer integritie, can sweare & vow,  
 That this Dexteritie proceeds from sound  
 And strong abilities, not from a round,  
 Smooth, nimble, turning, close & crafty Art:  
 For in bad wayes you have a silly Heart.  
 Truth, Sir, is plaine & powerfull: it needs  
 No shifting tricks to make her glorious deeds 30

Shine forth in their brave brightnes: Plainenesse is  
 A purer gem than those, for w<sup>oh</sup> wee kisse  
 The painted Face of Vice. Then let mee find  
 No Wisdome, but what dwells in such a Mind,  
 Where Greatnes mixt with Goodnes beares the Sway.  
 That Mind is like Yours, I dare boldly say.

## TO THE LADY PEN: SPENCER

I AM turn'd Bankrupt now: for such a flood  
 Of Honour, Vertue, Wisdome, & all Good,  
 Makes our high flowing Seas of Verse appeare  
 Dry, fruitlesse Things. Dull Poëtry! forbear!  
 When I behold those Eyes, the Orbes of Love  
 And Mercy, free from anger, sweetly move,  
 I think what Numbers may outvye that Paire,  
 And reckon what the secret Vertues are  
 Of those two Spheares; but find my Selfe undone  
 To tell but One; One glory but of One. 10  
 Figures, Descriptions are in vaine; each part  
 Is above all Arithmetick & Art.

## ON THE HEROINÆ

HERE's a brave Looking-glasse, where wee may see  
 Death swallow'd up by Fame's Eternitie:  
 This is the conjuring Mirrour, that presents  
 Our Dying Dames with living Monuments,  
 Tombs of eternall Glory, which surpasses  
 The brittle Frames of Iron, Stone, or Brasse.  
 Here, Ladyes, by example you may dresse  
 And trim your Soules with Crowns of Blessednes.  
 Vertue & Honour are a lovely Prize,  
 Not to be taken up with mortall Eyes. 10  
 Your other Glasses represent no more  
 Than the faire Blossoms of a fading Flow'r:  
 But in this cleer Reflection are enshrind  
 The everlasting Beautyes of the Mind.

## ON THE SACRAMENT

LORD, to thy Flesh & Blood when I repaire,  
 Where dreadfull joyes & pleasing tremblings are,  
 Then most I relish ; most it does mee good,  
 When my Soule faints, & pines, & dyes for food.  
 Did my Sinns murder thee? to make that plaine,  
 Thy peirc'd, dead-living Body bleeds againe.  
 Flow sad sweet drops ! what diff'ring things you doe !  
 Reveale my Sinns, & seale my pardon too.

TO I[OSEPH] H[ALL] B[ISHOP] OF N[ORWICH]  
 Upon his Picture

THIS Picture represents the Forme, where dwells  
 A Mind, which nothing but that Mind excells.  
 There's Wisdome, Learning, Wit ; there's Grace & Love  
 Rule over all the rest ; enough to prove  
 Against the froward Conscience of this Time,  
 The Reverend Name of Bishop is no crime.

ON SIR A[NTHONY] W[ELDON]

Translated out of the Latine Copy

HERE lies (if Hee, that never liv'd, can dye,  
 Or at least liv'd i' th' Tents of Destiny,)  
 The famous Clerke of *Matchiavell's* brave Art,  
 Who amongst all his works of the Crosse-part,  
 Ne're suffer'd vertue to enjoy her rest,  
 Yet did the Crosse & Bearer both detest :  
 Head of a Family, that hateth Kings :  
 Deep Atheist-Engineer of factious Things :  
 The horrid Monster of old Villany,  
 Craz'd in th' oblivion of a Deity ;  
 Whose Power was the Talley of God's Wrath,  
 Signe of an Age stuff'd up with dregs & froth :  
 A gilded Knight, a rusty Christian ;  
 Neither in purse, nor goodnes Gentleman ;  
 A Butcher rather than Squire Militant,  
 As wee may guesse by the foule Harlot's Haunt,

And the true Proverb just, Birds of a Feather  
 Will couple still most easily together ;  
 Whose Soule ingenerated, not infus'd,  
 Was never cleane, but still with spots abus'd, 20  
 As if deriv'd from Sinners first accurst ;  
 A Lionesse his Dam, by Tigers nurst,  
 Some Faune his Sire, but that hee is all Beast ;  
 Well, whosoe're begot him, had been blest,  
 If not so fruitfull: A feirce *Radamanthus*,  
 An earthly *Pluto*; worse than Hell's to daunt us,  
 Or a fourth Fury, or a Thing more cruell,  
 The Saints Scourge, Bodyes & Soules Fire & Fuell:  
*Abiram, Corah, Dathan*, Hee alone,  
*Ravilliac, Garnet*, Traitors Legion : 30  
*Julian* reviv'd with fresh Apostacie,  
 I' th' Bishops Sides wounding Christianitie ;  
 To whom compar'd, the Ragged Regiment  
 Of all false Knaves, moderne & ancient,  
 HAMDEN, BROOK, PYM, Fole of the untam'd Beast,  
 And other greater Names, are now the least:  
 From Whom hee had the Sword, hee snatch'd the Pow'r ;  
 Who rules by God, for him shall rule no more :  
*Patrubius, & Clusius* evermore,  
 Hee shuts up *Christ's*, while hee opes *Janus* Door : 40  
 The Clowns God, worship'd, lest hee should infest  
 The Mart, where Justice to bee sold was prest,  
 Where the Cram'd Capon was just Moderatour,  
 Not a Law-maker, but a Law-breaker rather,  
 Whilst (as He sayd himselfe) hee did obtrude  
 The darke Decrees of a Night-multitude,  
 Old Lawes quite abrogated to make way  
 For the stolne Votes of an imperfect Fray :  
 A Snake, a Tyrant: in prosperitie  
 Scarce a true Friend, but in adversitie 50  
 A feirce Blood-sucker ; a stout Leach of money  
*Scylla, Charybdis*, of our Milke & Honey ;  
 Rack of his Country, w<sup>ch</sup> hee squee's'd for wealth,  
 As if his dearest Friends & neighbours health

Could not have wrong enough without his load :  
 The Guard of Theeves, to none but Villaines good ;  
 Who had the licence of their injurie  
 From Wickednes by Law made Pietie ;  
 Good mens Goods are *Malignant* in their Eye ;  
 A Scene of Curses, Shop of Perjurie, 60  
 The Angell of the Covenanting Prease,  
 Friend & Suborner of false witnesses ;  
*Mæcen*as of Dissemblers ; Innocence  
 Could not escape ; for himselfe would commence  
 Party, Accuser, Witnes, and Judge too :  
 A Spoiler of Church-goods, whose hands did grow  
 Crooked with sacriledge, not age ; and what  
*Pompey* forbore, our *Antony* hath got,  
 Taking from God, to square his lustfull Bias ;  
*Belshassar*, *Achan* ; and false *Ananias*, 70  
 Only hee layd nought down, but carried all ;  
 And on those wealthy Monuments did fall  
 Of our Fore-fathers Goodnes, which were meant  
 For Learning's rich increase & nourishment ;  
 So that the Church's Dugs were both drawn dry,  
 Learning, Religion too, both ruin'd lie :  
 A present ruine could not quench his ire,  
 But to Posteritie hee spreads his fire,  
 Who struck with scarrs of such devouring Chance  
 Shall suffer under pious Ignorance ; 80  
 He's therefore justly wounded with a Word,  
 Provok'd & sharpned by his angry Sword.  
 The Preist of *Venus*, Church, & Sacrifice,  
 The common Temple of all lecheries ;  
 Whose Genius was the lustfull Fiend, whose sleepe  
 Did not digest his Surfets, 'cause hee'd keepe  
 A Watch to *Venus*, sparing *Bacchus* rites,  
 To bee more fat & full for Her delights ;  
 His body still was lively in this Crime ;  
 A foule *Priapus*, and the Shame of Time ; 90  
 Fruitfull Dung, rank Flesh, itching Dust ; and thus  
 Hee that to Man-kind was still dangerous,

Became the Foe of all Church-discipline :  
 Nor did his bones, Lust more than Envy, pine ;  
 His Breast did burne & boil with Wrath ; his Wit  
 Was never elegant but in a Fit  
 Of most infectious Enmity, and then  
 Was most malicious, when it flatter'd Men :  
 Both Equall & Superiour, Friend & Foe,  
 Afflict him with intolerable Woe. 100  
 A stinking Pompe of schisms & heresie ;  
 A sacred Bawd, who made the Church his Styed,  
 In w<sup>ch</sup>, with strange impietie, the best  
 Excluded, all Religions had their nest ;  
 And because else this Treason would grow lame,  
 Like *Lucifer's* in birth, successe, and aime,  
 With so great craft hee blur'd all pietie,  
 As glad his Saviour to recrucifie ;  
 For the Birth-day of Christ, and his Last Day,  
 Hee did not marke with black, but raz'd away : 110  
 Hee forbad Pray'rs to God in the old fashion,  
 And kept young Infants from Regeneration :  
 The hungry Soules were from the Table driven,  
 And not that only, but their Church & Heaven ;  
 The Holy Martyrs Images defac'd,  
 And Murd'ers Statues in the Temples plac'd,  
 As if henceforth 't would pietie become  
 Rather t' inflict than suffer Martyrdome.  
 Nor did Hee love the Peace o' th' Commonwealth ;  
 For when the Warrs rapt England from her health, 120  
 But to name Peace with him was an Offence ;  
 Nor did hee study Peace of Conscience,  
 In this a most just Factour of the Devill,  
 Himselfe and others flead with the same Evill ;  
 His own Rack, Judge of his own lewdnes ; nought  
 But Crosse & Wheels suggested to his thought :  
 Whom the strong Guilt of Sin made impotent,  
 Weapons & Wings 'gainst his own Spirit lent,  
 With w<sup>ch</sup> in vaine hee fought & fled himselfe,  
 Too weake to quell this selfe-tormenting Elfe 130

Victour of others oft, of himselfe never ;  
 Who, for hee could not with a meane endeavour  
 Act o're his Sins, intruded to the Prease ;  
 As if no harm, without his Wickednes :  
 In the King's time a feirce Oppressour ; now,  
 Though the Scene alter'd, an Oppressour too ;  
 Chaire-man of Scorners, Principall of Knaves ;  
 First for the King ; but when his Brother-slaves  
 Were spoiling Monarchy, hee favour'd them,  
 Now curs'd, because they love the Diadem, 140  
 As if Presbyterie could fall from Grace :  
*Proteus*, but that his Sinns have still one face ;  
 On every side his Mind is still the Same,  
 Proud to be nourish'd with his Country's flame.  
 The Commonwealth was to bee overthrown,  
 The Church with blood of Christ & Martyrs sown,  
 Was to be rooted out, which still grew fast,  
 Till this last Age mad with Reforming-hast  
 Succinctly cut Christianitie in two,  
 The King's Death, and the Clergy's Overthrow. 150  
 Nor did th' unwearied Man yeeld to this Load,  
 Both in Church, and in State, without his God ;  
 For this respect to Kings an Enemy,  
 'Cause the Republique on their charge did lie,  
 And therefore hating Bishops, because they  
 Were the true Keepers of the Churche's Key.  
 Thus calling from all parts his uncleane Guests,  
 In Kent hee set up New Preists, whose Behests  
 Might confirm Wicked Men, the Good pervert ;  
 Because to serve God with a sincere Heart, 160  
 T'obey the King, t'observe our Country-rites,  
 Was a cleer marke of Antichristian Sprites,  
 Vile Poperie, damn'd Superstition.  
 Thus *Don* of the Dogs Combination  
 To greedy Wolves deliuer'd up the Fold,  
 That Drones might drive the Shepherds from their hold,  
 And flea the silly Sheepe ; And these were Apes  
 Of Handycraft, of Learning but meer Shapes,

Pure Juglers, Pulpit-pedlers, running Tides  
 Of Voice & Belly, and nought else besides ; 170  
 Turning the Lamb-skin to a Fox-Wolfe-Hide,  
 While in their Throats the Widows Houses slide :  
 They first distract, and then the People kill,  
 Poor famish'd Soules for meat with poison fill,  
 Murder of Man, of King, & God proclaime,  
 And the sweet Spouse of God, and Mother, name  
 That Whore of *Babylon*, this *Judah*, then  
 Urge Scripture 'gainst God, like the Devill's Men,  
 Without God preach God, of this World, & Hell,  
 No Scripture known, but what they act as well. 180  
 No Scripture, but what this blest Spirit of Light  
 That Judge of Texts & Chapters pleas'd to write,  
 Whose Doctrine was *Canonically*. Take heed  
 Deare, harmlesse Soules! under that pleasant Weed  
 Of Reformation a foule Snake doth breed,  
 With poison'd darts will make you ever bleed.  
 Cease now! y'ave done enough for Hell! nor let  
 The ample Series of our Ills grow yet  
 From a bad Cause of War, Religion!

But though this Lewdnes thus did burgeon, 190  
 Yet here hee lies *Egypt's* Great Plagues in Breife,  
 In Darknes, that deny'd the Light's reliefe,  
 Worms-meat, that caus'd a Famine of the Word,  
 With Furies slash'd, that us'd a Fury's Sword ;  
 A Draught, which earthly Fire could not make cleane ;  
 In whom what ever Evills you might gleane,  
 What ever Good desire ; a fruitfull Place  
 Of Vice, a barren Wildernesse of Grace.  
 If you say W[eldon] you say all. Hee needs  
 No Monument, so great with his own Deeds ; 200  
 Posteritie shall know Him by his Fame,  
 If his Sinns doe not envy them that name ;  
 No Urne can hold such a vast sinfull Heape.  
 Thus He that would not Heav'n, to Hell did leape ;  
 Of *Swanecomb* late, but now *Avernus* Guest :  
 Who here with dropsy-thirst of blood was prest,

Now labours more; whose *Genius* here was fill'd  
 With Orphans teares into his Cups distill'd,  
 Hath not one drop to cool his parch'd jawes; Hee  
 That would not know the Blisse of Honestie, 210  
 Nor touch'd the joyes of a Soule serving Heaven,  
 To greater want & hunger now is driven:  
 Eternall flames upon those parts have seis'd,  
 Which flames of Lust halfe-burnt had spar'd; so eas'd  
 He hopes to bee in his dire punishment,  
 Because not all of Him to Hell was sent.  
 Thus by a new way of Retaliation  
 Revengefull *Nemesis* doth shift her station.  
 But there is hope in time, that both Sides heard,  
 IGNATIUS, and the rest of his wild Heard 220  
 Depos'd, this Man shall rule alone, a Ghost  
 Cathedrall, Champion of the Devill's Hoast,  
 Viceroy of Hell (or what may fit his merit)  
 A Parliament, or a Committee-spirit.  
 Yet this the Supreme Orders have decreed,  
 That *Sidley*, *James*, and the rest of that Breed,  
 Both high & low Apostates, bee as well  
 Provided by this rigid Judge of Hell,  
 Of prisons, gallows, gibbets, and wild-fire.  
 In the meane time, Great Spirits, you may inquire, 230  
 Whether your Kingdome shall be safe; take heed,  
 Lest your Dominions with Sedition bleed,  
 While such an *Atlas* of feirce *Anarchy*  
 Doth hold the reines, arming the Furious Fry  
 With a pretence of Subjects Libertie.  
 In other things you'll find Him true; But see,  
 That if the froward man grow harsh, you calme  
 His roughnes with an ointment in the palme:  
 Thus wee were pow'rfull in our Wishes too,  
 If but some *Cleopatrula* did wooe 240  
 Our *Antony*, and intercede to blesse  
 Our Prayers, like a noble Patronesse.  
 Read Passenger, and weepe, but lay up nought;  
 These are for Sand, not for a marble-vault:

No wrong is offered here to *Antony*,  
 Except that 't is no vulgar Elogie.  
 But wee had some regard unto the fame  
 Of Reformation, though but a meer name,  
 And to our Country too, lest men should say  
 It were not *England*, but wild *Africa*.  
 Nor could wee suffer *Christianitie*  
 To greive with such Exemplar Villanie ;  
 And 't is provided by a strict Decree  
 This nor in Church, nor Chappell, publish'd bee.

250

ON THE DOMINICAL NOSE OF O[LIVER]  
 C[ROMWELL] <sup>1</sup>

Now blesse us Heav'n ! what Prodigie is this ?  
 A Blazing Star ! a Metempsychosis  
 Of fierie Meteors ! a blew, bloody Ghost  
 Transform'd to bee the Leader of an Host !  
 A Monument of that Mortalitie  
 Which ruines Kings, & Kingdoms doth defie ;  
 A lively Picture of Destruction,  
 Impartiall Death, that spares & pityes none !  
 The Spirit of a Sanguine Constitution !  
 Our Great Reformers glorious Ammunition !  
 The Rubrick of a pious Combination !  
 The rooting Crest of a Through-Reformation !  
 If 't were i' th' Foot, as 't is i' th' Face, this Nose  
 Might goe for One of *Mars's* Peti-toes.  
 A brave confounding Nose ! where you may looke  
 And read the goodly Title of *Pryn's* Booke  
 (The *Levellers levell'd*) and yet still wee feare  
 Hereafter those curst Currs will nose the Beare.  
 The Brass-hoof'd Bull's dreadfull at more than home,  
 Whose very breath with furious fires was borne,  
 Their nostrills too, like Tunnells, vapour'd flame,  
 For skin, arm'd likewise with a metall-frame ;

10

20

<sup>1</sup> 'O. C.' is written, and then deleted.

The wakefull Dragon, as a Labell, pent  
 I' th' reare, to make a compleat Battlement ;  
 These Beasts,\* the Keepers of the Golden Fleece,  
 Their Blessed Cause, were just of such a Peice.  
 Without a wresting Comment it may passe  
 For *Sampson's* mighty Jaw-bone of an Asse!  
*Scanderbeg's* Sword, *Goliath's* Weavers-Beam,  
*Alcides* Club, the Fist of *Polypheme*, 30  
 The Giant's burly Hoofe with his Six Toes,  
 Are but weake Shadows of this valiant Nose.  
 A very sturdy, stout S<sup>r</sup> *Morglay* Thwack ;  
 Knotty & tough ; squar'd w<sup>th</sup> a barke & back :  
 A Target-Nose ; a Nose Offensive, and  
 Defensive ; Lord Protectour of the Land.  
 True, trusty, Trojan-Gristles ; Flesh & Blood  
 That stickles stoutly for the Publique Good !  
 A Hoghen-moghen Nose ; a Teutch Commander ;  
 A Roman-Duke ; a Sage, Republick-Pander. 40  
 The Quarter-staffe of Liberties & Lawes ;  
 The generous Tip-staffe to the Holy Cause ;  
 A Magazine ! indeed an Armorie  
 Of mischeife, ruine, and impietie !  
 O here 's a Knife & Volder for the nonce,  
 To sweepe away the Devill's Scraps & Bones !  
 Come all yee Drums of these Reforming Times !  
 Is not this Nose the Reason to your Rimes ?  
 Doe not the Bells chime just as that doth smell ?  
 To which Thought, Word, and Act, are paralell : 50  
 Are not your Lines so drawn, that each Saint goes,  
 As if Hee allwayes follow'd his Deare Nose ?  
 Sing what you will, the Ditty still doth close  
 With this ; the Burden ever lies i' th' Nose.  
 No Nose of Wax ! no ! no ! but better Mould ;  
 A Silver Oare purpled with veines of Gold !  
 That Gold, that Metall, which if such Shifts hold  
 Will touch & turne the very Age to Gold !

If wee beleeve the *Macedonian*,

\* They are thus described by Ovid, *Epist.* 12 ' Martis erāt tauri,' &c.

The Mountain *Athos* weares the shape of Man : 60  
 By counter-change of miracle this Creature  
 Of Man & Manhood beares a Mountaine-Feature.  
 Surmounted\* to this Mount, it will amount  
 By mounting parts, to a Mount Paramount.  
 A Fire-brand that (as 't is fear'd) will clamber  
 And mount aloft in state, like JOHN-A-CHAMBER.  
*Vesuvius*, *Ætna*, yeeld but little streams  
 Of Fury, match unto these whirling beams.  
 A Nose κατ' ἐξοχήν, without a wager,  
 A Constellation, like URSA MAIOR. 70  
 Hardnes of Heart! or Heart of Oake! firm Jelly!  
 In the wrong place, His Oxcellencie's Belly.  
 Without all doubt (quoth Rice†) I'll tell you truly.  
 Bugbeare-BUBULCUS with a Bulke unruly.  
 The lofty Chaire-Nose of a Grand Committee!  
 The best Artillerie of all the City!  
 A Demi-culverin! a grey Granado!  
 A ruffling *Spanish* Count! an Adalantado!  
 The Pulse of *England's* Fate! whereby wee know  
 The *Scots* most certaine finall Overthrow. 80  
 It will out-run a Race of rambling Red-Shanks:  
 'Tis thought to be the Soule o' th' Horse of *Ned Banks*.  
 ΚΟΣΜΟΠΟΛΙΤΗΣ ‡. Ran-tan! H. LEA

\* *Sur-mounted*, or *super-mounted*, as if you w<sup>d</sup> say, mounted up, above the rest . . . I thought fit to give this Hint, because Words thus affected are not to be used but with caution & excuse. . . .

† A very upright, or downright Clown (w<sup>ch</sup> y<sup>a</sup> will) much addicted to such vulgar terms of Asseveration; whose Person is here brought in, casting a Figure to retrieve & conjure up Another like himselfe: for this fitting Vapor, this ranging Metaphour, this Addle-egg, a Shittle-brain'd, painted Purliew, a Renegado-Forme, this frantick Whirlegig, this trifling Runnagate, this any thing, this nothing, would be quite lost in a tardy Pursute of serious Ciphers.

‡ κοσμοπολίτης. A Citizen of y<sup>e</sup> World. Such are the Saints of our twice-&-thrice blessed *Reformation*. Shifting Vagabonds, that make the Earth their Thorough-faire & their Home too. In-&-out Retainers! Off & on! Goers & Comers! Shuffling Inmates, true sacred ungracious Libertines: that like a Sort of carelesse Pilgrims or bold Mendicant Friars, sneake up & down in every corner, and by a strange kind of Adoption, by way of Sanctified Plunder or Sequestration (for so *Dominii fundatur in gratiâ*) take possession of each House as their own, freely & fairely (such is their admirable courtesie & behaviour) ingenuously & lovingly divide shares, and quarter upon the Common Stock. Creatures,

A Word & a Blow! a Whip & away!  
 The French-man's Under'tanding o' t'e Foot  
 Is now praunc'd up into this active Spout.  
 The Quarrell is no more for Heart or Braine,  
 But for the Nose of Oliver *Tamberlaine*!  
 There's Valour, & Discretion too! enough  
 To farce a Brainlesse Tub with scribling Stuffe. 90  
 Sweare not feirce *Bobadill* (for Rime's sake *Bombell*)  
 The Foot of PHAROAH, but the Nose of CROMWELL.  
 No Idle Wen! no barren Tympanie!  
 That still portends the Bearer's destinie.  
 But a rich Bosse! a fruitfull Paragon!  
 Grave Wisdome's ripe Super-foetation!  
 No aërie Puffe-past! march-pane-fripperie!  
 But a strong Crust of Immortalitie!  
 The *Genius* of Nations! a Roundhead  
 That cannot with One Common-wealth be bounded! 100  
 A Snout, that, when it snuffs & puffs, and blowes,  
 'Tis call'd the Inundation of a Nose  
 That drowns whole Worlds! a swelling Instrument,  
 That frets into a spurious Excrement!  
 A Nose to firke the Whore of BABYLON  
 From her old querks of Superstition.  
 The Trophee of a warlike Complement!  
 A Squib of the Perpetuall PARLIAMENT.  
 A nimble, running Nose; so sharpe & quick  
 'T would fit the Head o' th' Body Politique. 110  
 O for a Quill of that Arabian Wing!  
 To write this High & Everlasting Thing!  
 Oh! here's a Theme for crouding Similies  
 T' encounter with a Sinke of Villanies!  
 Like SCUDDER's\* Independent resty Mare

that have their Habitation every where, though for a need they can cram their whole Lively-hood into a Beggarly Knap-sack: Things, that stick upon the Skirts of a Land as close & fast as a Crab-louse, and yet at a dead lift can skip like a Flea into any Nation. Sweet Vermin! mad Cattell! a Generation of Vipers! I know not how to decipher them!

\* This SCUDDER an Assembly-Rook with the other COZENS a fierie-faced quarrelsome Citizen I have some reason to know; with whom it was my fortune to travel into *Wilt-shire*. Being furnish'd w<sup>th</sup> a Coach,

That would by no meanes beare the Cavalier ;  
 Or like the Man himselfe sans Wit or Feare,  
 After his journey preaching in a Chaire ;  
 Or like Don COZENS w<sup>th</sup> his Cholerick Lookes,  
 Which catch at All like tearing Tenter-hooks : 120  
 Such is this pow'rfull Nose ! The Mare is tam'd,  
 And the Two Men are pretty well reclaim'd :  
 All things submit at length ! but this still spurns,  
 And kicks, & flings, & frisks, and turns & turns.

Like the crackt Clapper of a crazy Bell,  
 That chatters an immortall, dismal Knell ;  
 Like a Dutch Peck-tun, that cries Victorie  
 In crackling flames of martiall Surquedrie ;  
 Like the bent Beake of a fine, ougly Owle,  
 That tunes the Shreikes of a tormented Soule : 130  
 Such is this o'regrown Nose ! The Bell may cease,  
 The Tun burne out, the Owle can hold his peace ;  
 All things are mortall ! but this chimes, and goes,  
 A pure, eternall, standing, stately, Nose !

Like lovely AMBROSE, when the Scotch-man's Word  
 Did threaten to devoure Him w<sup>th</sup> his Sword\* ;

the Parson's Jade was allotted to a Friend of mine, & a true *Royalist* : whom because of his unruly tricks wee commonly stiled *The Independent Mare*. When wee came to our journey's end, the next day being Sun-day, M<sup>r</sup> SC. was pleas'd to bestow a Sermon. or two upon the House where wee lay : but finding himselfe very weary & tir'd w<sup>th</sup> travell, after a long Preface concerning the indifferent behaviour of Sitting or Standing in a Preacher, at last w<sup>th</sup> much reverence & devotion hee declin'd downwards, & glued his Big Buttocks to a Great Chaire, placed at the Upper End of a Table for that purpose ; and in that posture deliver'd himselfe to his Auditorie all the time of his two tedious dull Sermons ; with such admirable action to boot, as if He & his Beast had bin both of a Haire, most nearly allyed in their Carriage & Disposition.

\* The Reader is to understand that about that time, when the first Insurrection was in *Scot*-land, there came One of that Nation to our *Universitie* of CAMBRIDGE, where amongst others falling into the company of J. AMBR. a man of no comely Visage, or pleasing discourse, he at last fell out with him : upon which occasion One of our Prime Witts did in the *Scotch*-man's name frame a bold Challenge in *Latine*, which was immediately sent unto his rough *Antagonist* : who upon the first View was mightily perplexed, and varied his swarthy Countenance into many terrible aspects, till at length hee was willing to conceive some releife from the last word of that feirce Invitation : *illicd adorietur, he will presently adore thee* : a strange Interpretation ! proceeding from a Person of so little reverence & beauty, such great learning & profound valour.

Like an Huge *Hercules* in Poëtrie,  
 Whose roaring Bombards bellow to the Skie ;  
 Like spruce Nasutus or wild Polyposus,  
 Who ever & anon w<sup>th</sup> nose doe pose us : 140  
 Such is this gracious Nose ! The Brown Boy's lost,  
 The Rimer crackt ; Those are but Names at most !  
 All things doe yeeld in time ! but this holds out  
 A Lusty Champion at every Bout.

Like a bright Torch, that lights to open rapes,  
 And generall massacres, which no man scapes ;  
 Like a briske Taper, proudly to disguise  
 Hell with the lustre of a Paradise ;  
 Or like an *Ignis fatuus*, that doth run  
 To draw us to a swift Perdition : 150  
 Such is this flaming Nose ! the Torch is out,  
 The Taper's spent, the Fire receives a rout :  
 All things consume ! but this still burns & fumes,  
 And fumes & burns, and stinks, yet ne're consumes.

Like a vast Promontorie, that doth stand  
 Threatning destructions both to Sea & Land ;  
 Like generating SMEC. and All that can  
 Bee say'd of Him by the Best Wit of Man ;  
 Like a plumpe Pudding with fat, sweatie Poares,  
 That, as it enters in the Throat, it goares : 160

For y<sup>e</sup> better apprehension of this Honourable Cōplexion I have here inserted a Copy of the Defyance. *Ne succenseas Domine, quod vindictum mihi obsonare studeam injuriis tuis lacessitus : meus famelicus gladius prandeat necesse in tuo corpore, nisi quod carnē tuā vilioris gustus fastidiat : nigrū corpus index animi plus quā Diabolici : at ego nulla reformido spectra : Capessas igitur ense, simulque designes locū, quando, et ubi pugnandum : aliās invenies hostem, qui tibi præcipiet eligendi vices, & ubicunque invenerit, ilicō adoriatur. Qui ita tuus, ut ipsa viscera intrare cupit. Ad Imaginē tuā, Nigrā ursam.* Thus in English. Sir, you may not take it ill, that I desire to glut my revenge exalted to an appetite by your injuries : my hungry Sword must needs dine upon your body, unlesse happily it may loath & abhor flesh of such a vile unsavourie tast : that black carcase is an evident Signe of a mind worse than the Devill : but however I fear no apparitions : therefore provide your weapon, and withall designe the place, when & where wee must fight : otherwise y<sup>u</sup> shall find an enemy, that will soon instruct y<sup>u</sup> in the course of an election ; and w<sup>th</sup>out any delay, in good earnest will embrace you at the first opportunitie of our next meeting. Who is so yours, as that he covets to enter into your very Bowells. At your own Signe, the Black Beare.

Such is this various Nose! The Promontorie  
 Slips out of sight, and is no more a Storie;  
 The black & sootie Cacodæmon SMEC.  
 With poor *Presbyterie* hath broake his Neck:  
 All things depart & dye, but this alone!  
 The Pudding hath two Ends, but this hath none!

Like the Ship LIBERTIE with her full Sailes  
 And fifty Peices, in successfull Gales;  
 Or like the SWIFT-SURE with her Faster Hold,  
 And Rebell-Rangers, confident & bold; 170  
 Or like the SPEAKER with her Rhetorick  
 Of Ord'nance, Colours, & Disputing DICK\*.  
 Such is this flaring NOSE! the LIBERTIE  
 Is split; the Rest now not so fast and free!  
 All things decay at last! but this remains  
 With tackle tight & stiffe, for endlesse gaines.

A Nose too harsh for Rythm! who playes upon 't,  
 With *Xerxes* doth but whip the *Hellespont*;  
 Or like a senselesse Mad-man lash the Aire,  
 For by its Influence 't is every where! 180  
 'T is here! & there! an actual, vertuall Nose;  
 Which, as the Weapon cures, so wounds his Foes.  
 A Way-bit to the Rest! The Text supposes  
 The short-hair'd Brethren yet may weare long Noses!  
 A proud ambitious Nose! that still doth rise  
 Ten hand-fulls higher than his trowing Eyes.  
 An Iron-Whiffler to the Brazen Front!  
 A Nose, that would have fitted *John-a-Gaunt*!  
 When He & *Bradshaw* meet, you would suppose  
 The Devill had *S. Dunstane* by the Nose. 190  
 A profound learned Nose! that can by art  
 Make a just judgment of the Subtle —.  
 Most neer of kin to th' Mouth; for when it stretches  
 Porcupine-like, it can make heav'nly Speeches!  
 As Cuck-holds gigg their Hornes, which breake away,

\* An Adventurer in that Ship, One that desiring to be wise takes greatest delight starting Questions & resolving Riddles; by his profession a zealous *Cooke*, or (if y<sup>u</sup> please) *Fritter-Seller* of Great BRITAIN.

And sprout fresh *Képara, κέρρα, κέρα*,  
 So (like a branching Pedigree) it growes!  
 A Repetition Nose! a Nose! a Nose!  
 A bonny Nose! a Nose for Sweet Pig-wiggin!  
 An eloquent Nose! a Nose for Oratour Higgin! 200  
 A ranting Nose! a Nose for *Radamanthus*!  
 A Nose that like the Tower-Guns doth dant us!  
 A terrible Nose! a Nose that will affright us!  
 A sharpe-set Nose! a Nose with Teeth, to bite us.  
 A Nose so Glutton-like, it makes All even,  
 Devouring with a STOMACK like a STEPHEN! \*  
 And snoares aloud, like that *Geneva*-Horse,  
 Damnation-Belly-full at every Course!  
 An angry Nose! w<sup>oh</sup>, if it once take snuffe,  
 Will blow us all to Fitters with a puffe! 210  
 A Nose whose super-eminent Surplusage  
 Is far above GAMALIEL RATSEY's Visage.  
 All wee can either say, or thinke (God knows)  
 Is but the Superfluitie of Nose.  
 Well then! to end! because Tautologie  
 Cannot expresse his Geneologie;  
 I'll only wish, that when the World is made  
 By the large Drops of this All-conquering Blade,  
 A Common-shewer of nasty Over-throws,  
 That Hee & His were Nothing but All Nose. 220

\* St. M. once a Grave Divine of the illiterate *Mixt Assembly*, who at a Wedding Feast having eaten a little more than his Share of a-Jole of Salmon, and afterwards taken in a full Quart of Sack for disgestion, most devoutly cried out, *Blessed be God! how good the Creatures are, being us'd with moderation!*

# CHARACTER

## A REBELL

IS his own Carver, and will rather mince the Kingdome into Sippets than want a Dish for himselfe. His Principles are very various & full of contradiction; and yet with a mighty confidence hee delivers out such stuffe for *Canonick Truth*. Hee builds up new Doctrines as an *Altar of Testimonie* to his deare Profession, w<sup>ch</sup>, if well examined, will bee found, in their clashing varietie, to oppose it: however his actions shall never contradict the maine Scope of his dire intentions to depose the *King*.\* Hee uses the name of *King & Parliament*, as Witches & Conjurers are reported to use the Holy Language, onely for mischeife: his Stratagems (like their Charms) are built upon the strong imagination of a fulsome Fancy; which the blind Multitude accepts for pure Devotion, and upon that account will follow their Leader up to the very Eares in blood. . . . *The words of his mouth are softer than butter, having warr in his heart: smother than oile, & yet very swords.* This upon the word of a King, that knew it very well. It opens like a Sepulchre, and swallowes all without remorse, Kings, Princes, & their Diadems, or any thing, that weares the badge of Loialltie. A false tongue is the Compasse, by which hee steeres the course of his insurrections, devising mischeifes like a sharpe rasour working deceitfully. Psal. 52. 2. In will & desire, however his Conversation appeare in the habit of a demure Holinesse, hee can bee no lesse than an Atheist. for

\* It was well observed by a Learned Prince, who afterwards felt it by a sad Experience, that there are some men, who *more maliciously than ignorantly*, will put *no difference* between *Reformation & alteration of Government*. The Man, whom wee now describe, is of the same Composition. His very Complexion appeares like a Seed-plot of change & disorder. Under the plausible notion of a strict Reformer hee will introduce everlasting confusions, which can never be removed by any Sober Debate. Thus (as Truth will have it) the Divell of &c.

knowing God to bee the Authour of Government and Order, and himselfe guilty for opposing both, hee could wish there were no Judge to condemne the insolence & pride of his Rebellion. The sight of an Executioner makes him start into a suddaine Fit of Penitence, like the Howling of a Wolfe after a plentifull meale, which proves nothing but an Exercise for 30 quicker digestion, till with two or three rapes & halfe a dozen murders, besides his ordinarie meales of Plunder & Sequestration, hee hath fairely closed up the orifice of a gaping Conscience. Really, hee lookes like a Basiliske, darting mischeifes, like *Envy* the Witch, with his Sight. *He sitteth lurking in the theevish corners of the streets: and privily in his secret places doth he murder the innocent, his eyes are set against the poor.* as venomous as the poyson of a Serpent, as subtle as the fraud of Serpents, as hurtfull as the snare of the hunter, as infectious as the *noysome pestilence*. He lurkes like 40 a *Lion* in his den, and then acts like a Wolfe in the feild. Hee goes like a ghostly *terror* by night, & the arrow that *flieth by day*. Like the *pestilence* that *walketh in darknesse*, and the *destruction* that *wasteth at noon-day*. He grins like a dog, that is not satisfied, & wanders up & down for free quarter & lawfull prize. His Humilitie is rare Hypocrisie. He *croucheth & humbleth* himselfe, that the *congregation of the poor may fall into the hand of his Captains*. It was a good Prayer, w<sup>ch</sup> the Roiall P. made in behalfe of a Charitable Person, that God would *not deliver him into the will of his* 50 *enemies*. but of all enemies, from the zealous grudge of a crafty *Round-head Good L, deliver us*. Nothing but an utter extinction both of life & memorie will satisfie these devouring Vermin. the Wormes are contented with the Feast of a Carkase; but this preying Generation are not onely pleased to feed upon their living *Soveraigne* with slanders & biting reproaches, and then crucifie him, but they must torture & mangle his fame after death. *When shall hee dye, & his name perish?* Thus wee have seen the very Pictures, & Statues, & Inscriptions of the K. demolish'd & defaced, nay 60 the best *Image* of his Goodnesse, his R. *Booke*, pursued in the very birth, like the poor *Innocents*, with a greedy violence, and

since that assaulted by the railing pen of a mercenarie Villaine. I have heard of a Visit at *Hampton-Court* attended with complements of *Vanity*, & a heart conceiving *Falshood*. I have heard of *enemyes* whispering together, & strange imaginations in the forge. There was a *Sentence of guiltinesse* pronounced & acted against an innocent Prince; a speedy course taken to prevent his rising up any more. *Even those familiar freinds, whom hee trusted*, those that *eat* of his *bread*, laid wait to devour Him too. Did *David* meane these Rake-hells in his sad complaint? Psal. 41. By description they were just such Devills for all the world. But stay! My Character flies into a Satyr. Looke upon *The Rebell* in his Greatnesse, and you shall find, Hee climbs up to Preferment by a ladder of Prophanenesse & Impietie; then thinkes himselfe in the heighth of his glory, when his Power is exalted to the downfall of Churches & all monuments of Antiquitie. For such good Service to the State hee hath got some new titles of honour, which he entertaines with great pride, if but to justle with the 80 old *Peers of the Realme*. Thus the Pope can canonize *Lords* as well as *Saints*, and make *Tom Stukely* (a *bankrupt* (by M<sup>r</sup> Fuller's pencill) *in his loyalty* as well as his estate) *Marquesse of Lemster, Earle of Weisford, & Caterlogh, Vicount Murrrough, Baron Rosse & Hydron in Ireland*. In such a majesty as this hee thinkes himselfe equall at least (if not superiour) to y<sup>e</sup> great *Cham of Tartarie*, and will stand in competition with the proudest Prince of Christendome for the Monarchy of the World. Hee is comonly One that hath received the greatest favours from his Prince, as He that 90 carried the bag, and yet sold away his Sav[iour]. *For my love they are my adversaries.* was a mournfull ditty. *They have rewarded mee evill for good, & hatred for my good will.* clean contrarie to the rule of Christianitie, which injoynes Good for Evill. Sometimes like the Humersome L[ord] hee falls deeply in love with the King, but howsoever his soule was surprised with this desperate passion he is not to be cured of it, but (as F[austina] the Wife of M[arcus] A[urelius] who loved a Fencer) with a potion of his Blood. And then the loving loiall Humour presently leaves him, and He conceives 100

nothing but villanie & murder. He is the Canker of the State, the Bane of the Clergy, the Cavalier's Purgatorie, the People's Mountebank, the Country's terrour, the City's darling, the Devill's freind and the Plauge of all Honest Men. In a boisterous Buffe-coat he swells like a Tympanie, cunningly applauding himselfe by detracting from others. The Vulgar looke upon him with feare & reverence, when hee comes forth accoutr'd in the formalities of a grim Countenance, & a sterne Behaviour. His Valour is very eminent amongst Cowards of his own Breeding. with whom hee allwayes carries the Con-<sup>110</sup>quest by accepting Satisfaction. The best Similitude of a Souldier about him, is his Sword. indeed a meer Emblem; for he is persuaded never to use it, but when hee may cut throats fairely at a sure advantage. His outward parts are the Crea[ture] of Folly, his inward the Quintessence of all transcendent Iniquitie. Hee walkes in a circle of wealth & prosperitie to preserve him from the Violence of tormenting thoughts. but when that Securitie once failes, how the furies will ravell out his happines into a dreadfull encounter with Despaire & Damnation! Adversitie to others is a Furnace; <sup>120</sup>refining their soules from the drosse of infidelitie, but to this Reprobate (such are all Rebels in their worst condition) his afflictions are onely a Preparative for his better entertainment & wellcome into Hell. In Discourse a Paradox is his cheife delight. for by the keenesse of his wit hee can refine treason into true policie. Fine Distinctions & Aphorismes of State are those pretty Clawes, by which you may know the Beast as well as the Devill by his cloven Foot. Let the smoothnesse of his language disguise never so much, yet the Ground, upon which his arguments stand, will discover an impression of <sup>130</sup>weakenesse, horror, & amazement. Either a *Dilemma*, or a swift *Evasion* (the Hornes & the Feet of *Belzebub*) are his best weapons. He can write like *Milton*, and fight like *Cromwell*, and dye like *Cæsar*. Such a warliques Champion can expect no lesse than a Wound for every murder, a competent reward to bee conferr'd upon the merits of a faithfull Servant to the Commonwealth. Hee barkes like a Dog at a *Crucifix*, because it represents too much of *Passive Valour*,

a Vertue, which never came within the latitude of his Opinion or Practice. the pretence of his anger is Superstition; but the truth is, any Emblem or Picture of Obedience proves a *Crosse* to his *Active Religion*, and that's the maine cause of his madnesse. His Memorie is stuff'd with difficult places of Scripture, which are frequently vented, not with a desire of resolution from others, but meerly an intention (like Him that tempted our Saviour) to ensnare his neighbours into his own net of ruine & perdition. Unnecessary Queerees are the ginns & trapps set out with delicate baites to catch silly soules in their admiration. But at length the Bones of his Controversie stick in his Throat, and the Cook himselfe is choaked with an admirable device of his own invention. After a set Battell attended with the feirce persvasion of a glorious Victorie, hee is brim-full of pietie & Thanks-giving. Wonders & Miracles are his onely Subject. talkes profanely of God's visible appearing in the Mount, when (alas Poor Peer!) hee was lurking below with Eyes winking for safety in a Saw-pit. In a desperate Agonie his onely refuge is the Example of *Sampson*, whereby hee pretends the priviledge of an Extraordinarie Revelation to ruine others with himselfe; and though his ambition aimes at the bravery of *Cethegus*, to tread upon the World, when it falls, yet his malice is well apayd with so much honour, as may entitle him to the Power of perishing in a generall dissolution. Now the Eyes of his discretion are quite put out, hee will fall to 't blindly without sence or wit, and cares not how he injures his own person, or his freinds, so hee may but accomplish the destruction of his Enemyes. *Who would not fall with all the world about him?* that's as much as he desires, since he can get no higher, since the World will not fall down and worship him, in lieu of the same Service faithfully performed to his Old Master *S<sup>r</sup> Nicholas Apollyon*.\*

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\* Nay, rather than passe away without any revenge (such is the equitie of his inveterate spite) he covets to have the greatest share in misery: more charitably envious than the Man in the Fable, hee will expose himselfe to utter darknesse, & bee starke blind, to procure the losse of One Eye in Another. like *Sultan Serapha*, who in spite (as the Historie tells us) would spend an ounce of Turkish blood to draw a drop of Christian. The Envy of a Rebelle is like that of a Peacock, who eats his own dung, lest any man should find it.

Thus after a rash conflict with his Sovereigne here on Earth, whom He accounts (as it was openly profess'd by his Com-rades in their bold *Remonstrance*) his *Capitall Enemy*, hee proceeds to deny the King of Heaven. and when his cruell fangs have been smear'd with Roiall Blood, 't is no great wonder, that hee presumes to snarle at his Maker, and withstand Him, that *standeth in the Congregation of Princes*. He that scornes to submit to any Power under the Sun, will drive hard against that, w<sup>ch</sup> is above it, and by which all other Powers are instituted & confirm'd. Hee that resists God in 180 his Providence, will adventure to quarrell with his Essence, and maintaine the strife by a willfull treacherie upon the benefit of his Creation. Man is the Image of God, and the Prince the Image of his Majesty. and all Images (the Rebell sayes) must be destroyed, though hee himselfe perish in the same Capacitie. Those hard Throes of pretended Righteousnesse, wherewith his Soule labour'd so much in the time of his Felicitie, are now evaporated into pinching Pangs of Greife & Desperation. Hee that without pity could pry into the miseries of his better Neighbours, and with derision censure 190 their patience, hath not one dram of compassion or comfort left to cherish & sustaine his drooping Spirit. If hee escape the courtesie of a violent Death from other hands, his own bitter *Genius* will prompt him to such a lamentable favour upon himselfe. and if hee cannot breath out his last, like *Sampson*, on a heape of his Foes, the worst is but this, to be strangled like *Judas*. as though hee meant still to pursue an *intestine War*, and make his Bowells gush out, for *Redresse of Greivances*, when (God knowes) this is the way to increase them, to leape out of Purgatorie into Hell-fire; like a pitifull 200 Tinker, that ever makes more holes, than hee mends; and indeed the metall of his Heart is so worne out, it can be no longer patch'd up with a Brazen Face. The rebellious Kettle-drum is now peirced through & through, and Colonell *Fox*, that should repaire it, is consumed to Ashes. *Absalom* was a Fine Fellow; but no Fellow to this honourable Varlet in the upshot of his Defection. That Young Man indeed dyed unhappily by a Sad Destiny, but this brave upstart-Mushrom

hath a stout heart to consume it selfe, and (since hee weares little Haire) will create a Conspiracie upon his own Head with a Halter. that so at last hee may be sure to expire bravely, in his proper colours, in his Beloved Sin, weltring in his own gore, that is, to live & dye a Rebell without Repentance. and notwithstanding all his changes & revolutions to shew (as was sayd of his Fellowes) his *constancie* in his *Way*, to the last Gaspe. An arrant *Theife*, that could steale away the hearts of his Fellow-subjects, divert & turne their minds upon a wrong object, alienate the proprietie of their Soules, and now to increase this Felonie committed upon himselfe & others, can steale out of the World without leave, breake the prison of his Body to be recommitted to a stronger Gaole, a Dungeon from which such Spirits could never yet find any Release. If any of his ranke & qualitie misse this Judgment, yet 't will bee hard to escape the Vengeance pronounced by the Prophet upon those that *refuse & rebell* (a punishment answerable to the Crime) to be *devoured by the Sword*. Isa. 1. 20. Or if that be avoided, yet *Solomon's* Sentence, (one way or other) shall be severely executed. *An evill man seeketh onely rebellion: therefore a cruell messenger shall be sent against him*. The Prince is the common Father of us all. and therefore the same Penaltie, w<sup>ch</sup> was allotted by the Law to a *stubborn & rebellious Son*, Deut. 21. 18. &c. may be justly inflicted upon a Subject revolting from his naturall duty & allegiance. . . . The very Heart of a Traytour moulders into Dust, when with a secret delight it contrives the ruines of Autoritie. His very Phancie driven by a guilty Conscience will procure his fall. As Hee, who was very much in debt, when his Cloaths were arrested by a Tenter-hook, cryed out *At whose suit?* so this haire-brained *Renegado* thinkes every thing in his Way his mortall Enemy. Every man hee meets, is a Sergeant; Every House hee sees is a Prison; Every Mole-hill a Mountaine to overwhelme him, Every Staffe a Scepter of Correction, and every little Twig the Black Rod. And thus hee goes on, till his Braines breake his Heart with such terrible Whimseys.

'T is just with God to cut them short, that will not suffer

others to live in peace. . . . Our haughty *Typhon* raised from the horrid entralls of Earth & Hell, shall returne to the place from whence hee came, and there lie tormented with his own monstrous parts. When earthly Giants affect heavenly 250 Thrones, and they that were borne of blood would live by slaughter, 't is fit they should revert to their own composition even in death, and so become more truly in this Subjection than before in their tyrannicall Usurpation *Lutum Sanguine maceratum*. *A Sowter and a Souldan, ana*. A loathsome Medley to give the Devill a Drench; which yet by good use, as medicines are frequently made of poyson well tempered & allayed, may prove a Physicall Purge to drive away our distractions, & recover the sound blessings of Content & Peace. After a Corruption of Rebels comes a Generation of Loiall 260 Creatures, whose goodnesse deserves a better Character than my poor weake fainting Pen can afford. Yet wee will try what may bee sayd to the honour of Obedience in the next.

## MEDITATIONS

(From the Edition of 1659)

XI. There are certain *birds* of *Paradise* which make the best *musick* in a *Cage*. The sweet singer of *Israel* was most full of melody in his greatest Afflictions. *David* could blesse God in a *cave*, *Job* on the *dunghill*. The *prison* sometimes is the Saints *Quire*, where the *heart* is at liberty, while the *body* is under restraint, and their very groans are acceptable notes of praise and benediction.

The good mans *sorrow* is never without some *joy*. Our very *hope* can afford us songs of deliverance. When our heavenly father makes up the consort, who can forbear to tune his voice and keep time with him? Heaven and happiness waits upon them that with patience attend his leasure. Gods presence translates the *Dungeon* into a *Sanctuary*, turns *Babylon* to *Hierusalem*, *captivity* into *triumph*. Our Jaylors are our life-guard, our enemies our servants, since they serve but as instruments to his will upon us, who is indeed our

Master. He is happy enough that can patiently *expect* salvation. As the Marriner keeps under hatches till the tempest be allayed, so our present misery is nothing but a safe retiring till all dangerous stormes be blown over, and we arrive at last to the Haven of our Rest.

XXV. God and the world never agree in the measure of *time*. The *purpose* of his *will*, not the *motion* of the *Sunne* determines his *houres*. Did we set our *wills* by his *decree*, Gods clock and ours would alwayes strike together. Our *affections* are poised with the weights of self-love and ambition, which move too fast in regard of our true *necessity* which he only respects. The *least* delay seems tedious to an *hasty* minde, the *longest* is but short to the *patient* soul. Think not then that he is slow who never failes in the *houre* of his *promise*, though he answer not the very *minute* of our *expectation*.

L. He that *marries* meerly to satisfie his *lust*, may chance to have an *ill* match by the bargain; for if there be not *abilities* to maintain an *estate*, as well as strength to satisfie *desire*, true love and affection will soon growe cold. We cannot feed upon beauty: imbraces will not cloath the back. A *single* man may have patience enough to endure the worse of evils; but when poverty afflicts *two* souls together, the pain is intollerable. If fortune frown upon my *self* alone, I can finde the warres a remedy for such a disease: but what griefe can be conceived greater then this, to see my *second-self* ready to starve without power of reliefe, my *little Infants* crying for bread when I have nothing but my teares to comfort them? The meanest *beggar* after death is as the greatest *Prince*: but he that leaves his wife a poor widow, starves in his memory, and is miserable in his grave.

LXI. We may observe that in times of *danger* and *destruction*, *good* men are little *regarded*, and for the most part live *obscurely*. In this injustice of the world the goodnesse of God is most conspicuous. When the *birds* of prey are fluttering abroad, the careful *hen* calls in her *chickens* to the safe protection of her *wings*; when the street is filled with

*violence* and *tumults*, the tender parent locks up the children within doores, not denying them their *liberty*, but thus providing for their *safety* and *security*. What greater happinesse then a quiet close retiring roome, when blood and ruine are making merry without? Can we complaine of *obscurity*, when scarce any open place is *secure* enough? How happy was the *Church* under ground, when in that darknesse there was *light* enough to see *heaven*? In that narrow imprisonment they were yet free from persecution. Those *seven thousand* which *Elijah* knew not of were well known to him that preserved them. And when *Elijah* himself was sought for by *Jezebel*, where had he been if he had been *every where*? They that have *strength* enough to *burn* in glorious flames, may scorne to save themselves by *flight*; but if God afford this help to our weaknesse, we have reason to be thankful for an easie judgement, which appointed as the means of our deliverance turns into a blessing. Let me be *separated* from the comfortable society of my dear friends, *deprived* of the benefit of my owne countrey aire, *exposed* to misery and the contempt of strangers, *alwayes* forgotten, *never* observed, let me be an *obscure* dark inmate, a *son* of earth, an *ignominious* bastard in the worlds opinion, a *neglected* slave; I shall think this *disgrace* a great *honour*, if I may rest safely under the shadow of the *Almighty*.

LXXXVII. The *Doctrine* and *discipline* of the *Church of England* is such as was first established by general *Councils* and *Synods*, and afterwards confirmed by the *Lawes of the State*. *Unity* and *uniformity*; *necessity* and *order*, *strength* and *beauty*, are the ingredients of our religion: and who would not love such a wholesom sweet composition. They that take a delight to broach *new opinions*, to introduce *strange innovations*, cannot wish well to the peace of our aged *mother*. It may be needful to *repaire* a breach, but 'tis neither wisdom, nor justice to *pull down* the frame of an *ancient building*, to make way for an alteration. God blesse us from such a *reformation* that must be advanced in the *ruines* of a well-settled Government and constitution.

## NOTES

### PAGE 65. WHEN THOU AND I MUST PART.

- l. 39. *that sweet Forgetfull Lake*. Tubbe has perhaps borrowed the expression. Milton has it again, *Par. Lost*, ii. 74, 75 :  
   the sleepy drench  
 Of that forgetful Lake.

### PAGE 66. ON M<sup>rs</sup> KATHARINE SPENCER.

- K. S. was the fourth daughter of Penelope, Lady Spencer. See p. 28.  
 ll. 41-3. The name Katharine is from *καθαρός*, pure.

### PAGE 68. M<sup>rs</sup>. PENELOPE SYMCOTS.

See pp. 18, 19.

### PAGE 68. CAROLUS.

- ll. 37-9. *Thus our Renowned Palm doth rise*  
   *Like a brave Embleme to our Eyes.*  
   *His Weights make light his Resurrection.*

Cp. Ben Jonson, *Ode to James, Earl of Desmond*: 'Trew Noblesse Palme growes strayght, though handled ne'er so rude.' Mr. P. Simpson has directed me to Alciat's *Emblemata* XXXVI: 'Obdurandum aduersus vrgentia.' The verses appended to the Emblem begin:

'Nititur in pondus palma, & consurgit in arcum,  
 Quo magis & premitur, hoc mage tollit onus.'

Mr. Simpson adds: 'There is a parallel emblem of the cypress tree weightd with a block of stone in Peacham's *Minerva Britanna* (1613), p. 167.'

- l. 48. *An Angell*, with the usual pun on 'Angel' = a coin.  
 ll. 61-6. *He scornes to lurke in a Disguise . . .*

*Plaine Justice was his Coat of Maile.*  
*Thus arm'd, Hee may bee truly, safely sayd,*  
*Like Solomon, in Proverbs all array'd.*

Clumsily borrowed from Cleveland, *The Kings Disguise*:

Methinks in this your dark mysterious dresse  
 I see the Gospel coucht in Parables. . . .  
 Such a Text Royall, so obscure a shade  
 Was Solomon in Proverbs all array'd.

### PAGE 70. ON THE SILKE-WORME.

- l. 4. *Virgil's Bee*, sc. *Georgic* iv.  
 l. 7. *vaile*, lower, stoop.  
 l. 22. *Arachne's Web*, the spider's web.  
 l. 28. *Æolus*. As Æolus, god of the winds, causes storms, the silkworm is the author of the blustering commotion of the gallant's attire.  
 l. 43. *As tender drops of dew dissolve the Stone*. Cp. the proverb,  
   'Gutta cavat lapidem, non vi, sed sæpe cadendo.'

1. 67. *a Powder-traitour*, one of the 'Gunpowder Treason and Plot' of 1605.

1. 69. *Sr Walter Earle*. Erle represented Dorsetshire in the Parliament of 1625 and proposed that tonnage and poundage should be granted to the King for one year only. In January 1641 he complained of Strafford's Irish army, and in April showed that the commission given to Strafford in August empowered him to suppress revolts in England (Gardiner, *Hist. 1603-42*, ix. 325).

1. 69, note. *a Man-midwife*. Cp. J. Cleveland, *The Character of a London-Diurnall* (1647): 'The next *Ingredient* of a *Diurnall* is Plots, horrible plots . . . How many such fits of the Mother have troubled the Kingdome and (for all Sir *Walter Earle* lookes like a Man-Midwife) not yet delivered of so much, as a Cushion?'

1. 70. *To settle the Commission of Array*. Cleveland, almost immediately after the passage just quoted, writes: 'I wonder my Lord of Canterbury is not once more all-to-be-traitored for dealing with the Lions, to settle the Commission of Array in the Tower.' While the Parliament and the King were raising their armies in 1642, 'the Parliaments Ordinance of *Militia*, and the King's Commission of *Array*, were justling together almost in every County' (May, *Hist. of Parl.*, lib. 2, cap. 6).

1. 71. *expire*, emit, produce.

1. 75. *to traine his Silver Band*, a play on words, with reference to the silken band which is the product of the silkworm, and the train-bands.

1. 78. *sleizie Peice*, flimsy substance. See N.E.D. 'sleazy'.

#### PAGE 73. ON THE GRAY-FRIARS OF ASHFORD.

1. 2. *Ashford, like Africk, yields varietie*. Erasmus, *Adagia*, Ch. III, cent. vii. 10: 'Semper Africa novi aliquid apportat.'

1. 9. *Sage-Ale* (not in N.E.D.), perhaps our 'sage-tea', an infusion of sage-leaves slightly stimulating.

1. 12. *Pomperkin*, ciderkin, apple-juice and water. See N.E.D.

1. 13. *Braggot*, ale mixed with honey or spice, mulled ale.

1. 17. *Muftie*, properly, a Mohammedan priest, or expounder of the law.

1. 18. *for Three Parts*, sc. in a part-song.

1. 22. *Like Friar Bacon's Brasse upon all Times*. The brazen head made by Friar Bacon which said 'Time is', 'Time was', 'Time is past' (as in Greene's *Friar Bacon*).

1. 30. *Inborow and Outborow*. See N.E.D.

11. 38-9. *enough to fill  
A Seekers Belly.*

'Seekers' were a class of sectaries at this time, who professed to be seeking for the true church. See N.E.D. Tubbe has probably in mind the opening lines of Cleveland's poem *To the State of Love*: 'I saw a vision yesternight Enough to sate a Seeker's sight.'

1. 42. *the Timber-Horse*, the wooden horse of Troy.

1. 43. *arsé-versie*, in a preposterous manner. See N.E.D. 'arsy-versy'.

1. 59. *Smectymnuus*. An answer to Bishop Hall of Exeter in 1641 was signed by this word. It was made up of the initials of five Puritan divines, Stephen Marshall, Edmund Calamy, Thomas Young, Matthew Newcomen, and William Spurstowe.

1. 60. *The Directory*. In January 1645 Parliament agreed to issue a Directory of Worship in place of the Book of Common Prayer, abolished for ever.

1. 61. *roapie*, ropy, viscid, sticky.

l. 66. *alcumy* (or alchemy). 'A metallic composition imitating gold, "alchemy gold"' (N.E.D.).

l. 69. *Our Iron-Workes*, our evil deeds worthy of the Iron Age. Probably with a local allusion to the great industry of the Weald of Kent. Cp. p. 36 top.

l. 72. *purely*, sinlessly, blessedly.

l. 75. *grave St John*. I don't understand the allusion, unless it be to Sir John Tufton, Earl of Thanet.

l. 89. *transform'd*, turned into a pulpit.

l. 92. *Scanderbeg* (George Castriotà), a celebrated Albanian Captain against the Turks (1414-67).

l. 96. *in Albo Oculi*, in the white of the eye. Cp. note on l. 111 'Goggles', and W. Sampson, *The Vow-breaker*, iii. 3, where a Puritan, about to hang his cat for mousing on Sunday, addresses it: 'oh, thou wicked Cat; could'st not turne up the white of the eie for the poore creature?'

l. 102. *some Bishop's sleeve*. Tubbe means apparently that bishops' sleeves, though relics of Romish vestments, are eagerly devoured by Presbyterians.

l. 111. *Goggles*, eyes. The N.E.D. shows that the word was often used in reference to the Puritan custom of turning up the whites of the eyes. Randolph, *Hey for Honesty*, i. 1, 'the true gogle of Amsterdam': Cleveland, *Poems* (1677), 127, 'such a Goggle of the Eye, such a melodious Twang of the Nose': Hicckingill (1705) 'If . . . I should turn up my Eyes . . . and nothing but the *pious Goggle* and *innocent White* appears (*that's a precious Man*, say the Women).'

*Lugs*, ears. A Puritan's ears were more prominent on account of his close-cropped hair; cp. Cleveland, *The Hue and Cry after Sir John Presbyter*, ll. 1, 2:

With hair in character, and lugs in text,

With a splay mouth, and a nose circumflex.

#### PAGE 77. A DEBATE CONCERNING THE ENGAGEMENT.

*The Engagement* was a promise 'to be true and faithful to the Commonwealth of England as the same is now established without a King, or House of Lords' which was imposed by Parliament in October 1649 on all who held office in the state or church or universities.

l. 1. *New Amsterdam*. Amsterdam was the hotbed of new sects. Whether Tubbe is comparing England (or London) to Amsterdam in Holland, or its American counterpart, New Amsterdam (now New York), is not clear.

l. 2. *Mighty Cham*, the great Khan of Tartary. Cp. Shakespeare, *Much Ado*, II. i. 277, 'the great Cham's beard'. Cp. p. 99, l. 87.

l. 18. *law*, la (an exclamation).

l. 28. *Morglay-Elbowes*. Morglay was the sword of Bevis of Hampton in the romances. Cleveland uses Morglay for sword more than once.

ll. 33-34. *a Pin*

*To hold the Woemens Charitie together.*

Mr. Percy Simpson compares Cleveland, *A Dialogue . . . upon the &c.*, l. 5, 'Fed on the common of the female charity', and interprets 'charity' in both passages as the offerings of the female members of the congregation devoted to paying the minister. I feel very doubtful.

l. 36. *He and She*, men and women alike.

ll. 43-4. *swell'd w<sup>th</sup> the Spirit's motion,*  
*Like mad Bes Broughton in a learned Vaine.*

Bess Broughton was a woman of good family who became 'a second Thais'. She was mistress to Richard, Earl of Dorset, who died in 1624, and finally sank lower still, as is seen by Ben Jonson's reference to her in the last line of his *Execration upon Vulcan* (Aubrey, *Short Lives*, ed. Clark, i. 127). I owe this reference to Mr. G. Thorn Drury, whose note, kindly sent to *Notes and Queries*, Oct. 22, 1910, gives further information. Mr. Percy Simpson supplements the above in the following note:

'Tubbe has here confused two passages in Ben Jonson, viz. (i) the reference in *The Execration*, and (ii) the allusion to the Puritan divine, Hugh Broughton, in *The Alchemist* (Act II, sc. iii) where Dol Common is described to Sir Epicure as a lady who "is gone mad with studying Broughtons works":

"If you but name a word, touching the Hebrew,  
Shee falls into her fit."

The "fit" comes off in Act III, sc. v, and is a string of disconnected quotations from Broughton.

l. 45. *Madam Shipton*. The earliest reference to her is found in 1641 in the title of a tract, *The Prophecie of Mother Shipton in the Raigne of King Henry 8<sup>th</sup>, foretelling the death of Cardinall Wolsey, etc.* (D.N.B.).

l. 57. *Oath of Adjuration*. Does Tubbe mean the oath of Abjuration? Such an oath was enjoined on all who took office.

#### PAGE 79. TO MY BROTHER.

l. 23. *contrary, subordinate*, terms of logic.

#### PAGE 81. ON THE HEROINÆ.

See pp. 22, 23.

#### PAGE 82. ON SIR A. W. TRANSLATED OUT OF THE LATINE COPY.

Whether the Latin verses were by Tubbe, or, as is more probable, by some one else, they seem to be lost.

Sir Anthony Weldon of Swanscombe, Kent, Clerk of the Green Cloth to James I, strongly supported the Parliamentary cause in Kent during the Civil War, and died about 1649. He wrote *The Court and Character of King James I* (a collection of scandal), &c. (D.N.B.).

l. 4. *his works of the Crosse-part*, query, his works of attack or antagonism? 'Cross-part' is not in the N.E.D.

l. 7. *Head of a Family, that hateth Kings*. Two of Weldon's sons fought against the King (D.N.B.).

l. 30. *Ravilliac*, the assassin of Henry IV.

*Garnet*, the Jesuit executed in 1606 for his share in the Powder-plot.

l. 31. *Julian*, Julian the Apostate, Roman emperor, A.D. 361-3.

l. 35. *Brook*. Robert Greville, 2nd Baron Brooke (1608-43), supported the impeachment of Strafford and Laud and became a general for the Parliament. He was killed at Lichfield, March 2, 1643. He is eulogized by Milton in *Areopagitica*.

*the untam'd Beast*, the multitude.

l. 39. *Patrubius and Clusius evermore*

*Hee shuts up Christ's, while hee opes Janus Door.*

'Patrubius' is a mistake for 'Patulcius'. Cp. Ovid, *Fasti*, i. 129 (Janus loq.):

modo namque Patulcius idem,

Et modo sacrifico Clusius ore vocor.

The gates of Janus' temple were open in time of war, and closed in time of peace.

1. 72. *those wealthy Monuments*, the two Universities.  
 1. 83. *The Preist of Venus, Church*. Perhaps 'Venus' Church' was what Tubbe meant to write.  
 1. 130. *Elfe*, demon.  
 1. 171. *the Lamb-skin*, perhaps with a secondary reference to the academic hood.  
 1. 180. Tubbe adds to this line the reference 'Eph. 2. 2'.  
 1. 220. *Ignatius*, sc. Loyola.  
 1. 222. *Cathedrall*, sitting in authority. Cp. Jonson, *Volpone*, I. ii. 455 : 'an asse . . . shall passe for a cathedrall Doctor.'  
 1. 226. *Sidley*. If, as is likely, the Latin attack on Weldon emanated from Kent, Sidley is probably Sir John Sidley, Kt., who on August 30, 1642, presented a Petition of the County of Kent to Parliament which was a protest against one lately presented by Kentish Cavaliers.  
*James* was probably a member of the Kentish family of James.

## PAGE 89. ON THE DOMINICAL NOSE OF O. C.

Cleveland, *London-Diurnall* (1647), p. 6, of Cromwell : 'He should be a bird of prey too, by his bloody beake : his nose is able to try a young Eagle, whether she be lawfully begotten. But all is not Gold that glisters. . . . But for all Cromwels Nose weares the Dominicall letter, &c.' In the church calendar the dominical, or Sunday, letter was no doubt given in red.

1. 14. *Mars's Peti-toes*. Cleveland, *London-Diurnall* (1647), p. 7 : 'Brereton and Gell, two of Mars his Petty-toes.'

1. 17. *Leveller's levell'd*. Prynne's book appeared in 1647.

1. 23. *as a Labell*, query, 'as an appendage'. He is thinking of Ovid, *Her.* xii. 59, 60 :

'Ante oculos taurique truces, segetesque nefandae :  
 Ante meos oculos pervigil anguis erat.'

1. 29. *Scanderbeg*. See p. 76, l. 92 n.

1. 34. *Morglay*. See p. 78, l. 28 n.

1. 36. *Lord Protectour of the Land*. The satire was probably written after Cromwell became Protector, Dec. 1653.

1. 39. *Hoghen-moghen*, 'high and mighty', from the Dutch style of addressing the States General 'Hooge en Moogende'. Cp. Butler, *Hudibras* :

But I have sent him for a token

To your Low-country Hogen-Mogen.

*Teutch*, Dutch or German ('Deutsch').

1. 45. *Voider*, a tray or basket for removing broken meat after a meal. Cleveland, referring to Cromwell's assaults on church monuments, calls him 'Times voyder, Sub-sizer to the Wormes' (*London-Diurnall*, p. 6).

1. 54. *the Burden*, the bass or ground of a song.

1. 56. *A Silver Oare purpled with veines of Gold*. The use of 'golden' = 'blood-red' is of course common in our old writers. Cp. *Macbeth*, II. iii, 'his silver skin lac'd with his golden blood,' and the passage quoted from Cleveland at the head of the notes on this poem.

ll. 59, 60. *If wee beleeeve the Macedonian,*

*The Mountain Athos weares the shape of Man.*

A misunderstanding of Cleveland, *To P. Rupert* :

'Twas the Mount Athos carv'd in shape of man,

As 'twas defin'd by th' Macedonian,' &c.

(i. e. carved in the form of Alexander). The project to convert Mount Athos into a statue of Alexander was naturally not carried out.

1. 66. *John-a-Chamber*. Is this the name of a sky-rocket? or a reference to some contemporary person? It does not appear to be an allusion to Munday's play, *John a Kent and John a Cumber*.

1. 68. *match unto*, corresponding to, compared with. See N.E.D.

1. 69. *κατ' ἐξοχήν*, par excellence.

1. 72. *his Oxcellencie's Belly*. Taken from Cleveland, *London-Diurnall*, 1647, p. 5, where he is speaking of Sir W. Waller: 'he that Cuckolds the Generall in his Commission: for he stalkes with *Essex*, and shoots under his belly, because his Oxcellency himselfe is not charged there.'

77. *Demi-culverin*, a kind of cannon.

*Granado*, grenade, explosive shell.

1. 78. *rustling*, swaggering.

*Adalantado*, a Spanish grandee. Cp. Jonson, *Alchemist*, III. iii: 'He is an Adelantado, a Grande.'

1. 81. *It will outrun a Race of rambling Red-Shanks*. Red-shanks probably here = 'bare-legged Scots', and not the birds so called. See N.E.D. Cp. Cleveland, *The Rebell Scot*:

'They're Citizens o' th' World: they're all in all,  
Scotland's a Nation Epidemicall.

And yet they ramble not, to learn the Mode.'

1. 82. *th' Horse of Ned Banks*. The fame of Banks's dancing horse, Marocco, is celebrated in countless references from the end of the sixteenth century onwards. See D.N.B. 'Banks'. The name 'Ned' is given him by Tubbe for the sake of the rime and without authority.

1. 83. *Ran-tan*, a word expressing sound, like 'Bang'.

H. LEA. I can make nothing of this.

1. 85. *The French-man's Understanding o' the Foot*. Some joke on a Frenchman's application of the word 'understanding' to the foot.

1. 90. *Tub*, a play on his own name.

1. 91. *Bobadill*. In Jonson's *Every Man in his Humour*, Captain Bobadill swears (III. ii.) 'By Pharoah's foot', and is accosted by Downright in IV. v: 'O Pharoah's foot, have I found you?'

1. 91. *Bombell*. Cp. Cleveland, *The Hue and Cry*, l. 6: 'Like cartrages or linen bandoleers Exhausted of their sulphurous contents In pulpit fireworks, which that (*al.* the) bombball vents.' There is no other example of the word in the N.E.D.

1. 96. *Grave Wisdome's ripe Super-foetation!* Another loan from Cleveland, *To Prince Rupert*:

'Rupert! one

Whose name is wits Superfoetation.'

1. 97. *march-pane*, confectionery, marzipan.

1. 108. *the Perpetuall Parliament*. One of the earliest Acts of the Long Parliament provided that it could not be dissolved without its own consent.

1. 111. *that Arabian Wing*, the wing of the Phoenix.

115. *Scudder*. Henry Scudder became M.A. (Christ's College, Cambridge) in 1606, was presented in 1633 to Collingbourne Ducis, near Marlborough, Wilts, and in 1643 became a member of the Westminster Assembly of Divines. He was author of *The Christian's Daily Walke*, and died about 1659.

1. 127. *a Dutch Peck-tun*. A tun filled with some inflammable substance to make a bonfire after a victory. Dutch 'pekton', German 'pechtonne'. The word 'Peck-tun' is not in the N.E.D.

1. 128. *surquedrie*, pride, insolence.

1. 135. *Ambrose*. Isaac Ambrose (1604-1663) B.A. Oxford, 1624-5, vicar of Castleton, Derbyshire, 1627, incorporated in University of Cambridge

1631-2, vicar of Preston 1640. He busied himself in establishing Presbyterianism, but was put under arrest by the Committee of Plundered Ministers in 1649. The D.N.B. adds that he 'was of a peaceful disposition'.

ll. 137-9. *Like an huge Hercules in Poëtrie . .*

*Like spruce Nasutus or wild Polyposus.*

Mr. Simpson writes: 'Cp. Jonson, *Poetaster* v. iii, where Tucce exclaims, after a parody of Marston's rant, 'I mary, this was written like a HERCVLES in *poëtrie*'. Tubbe had evidently been reading this play: "Nasutus" and "Polyposus" are taken from the "apologetical Dialogue" added to it in the Folio of 1616.'

l. 138. *Bombards*, bombard-phrases, inflated language.

l. 141. *The Brown Boy*, sc. Ambrose, whose swarthy complexion has been referred to.

l. 157. *Smec*. Short for 'Smectymnuus'. See note on p. 75, l. 59. Cleveland has a poem *Smectymnuus, or the Club-Divines*.

ll. 167-71. *the Ship Libertie . . the Swift-Sure . . the Speaker*. A list of ships for service in the summer of 1650 includes '*Liberty*, Edw. Hall, 280 men' and '*Swiftsure* John Gilson 260 men' (G. Penn's *Memorials of Sir W. Penn* i, p. 296): another list of the navy in May 1653 includes '*Speaker*, frigate, Sam. Howett, Rear Adm. 300 men' (ibid. p. 491).

l. 177. *Rythm*, pronounced 'rime'. See p. 60.

l. 183. *A Way-bit to the Rest!* The sense is not clear. Dr. McKerrow writes of the ordinary use of the word: 'way-bit, seems to mean a short distance in excess of (a mile or some other measure)'; see note on Nashe, iii. 345. 18-19. It appears also to be used for refreshment on a journey, cf. Gayton, *Pleasant Notes upon Don Quixot*, 1654, p. 6. Don Q. having got to an inn and stopped outside, his horse 'kept a coil to go to his stable'. Gayton notes that horses at an inn-door are apt to show signs 'of an appetite or longing for Limb-ease, and tooth motion. A way bit then, and not a bit of way more'.

l. 186. *his towering Eyes*. Mr. H. F. B. Brett-Smith in the *Modern Language Review*, vol. x, p. 87, points out that this is an imitation of Donne's Elegy, 'Since she must go', l. 42: 'And over all thy husbands towering eyes'. He takes the word to be a variant form of 'twire' = peer, peep.

l. 187. *Whifler*, one who clears the way before a procession.

l. 192. *the Subtle* —. Mr. Simpson compares Jonson's *Alchemist*, II. ii: 'my poets

The same that writ so subtly of the —'

where Sir Epicure is alluding to the lines printed in *Musarum Deliciæ* (1656) 'The — in the Parliament-House'.

195. *gigg their Hornes*, throw out fresh horns? See the account of the word in the N.E.D. It is used by Cleveland.

l. 196. *Képara, képa, képa*. The three forms of the plural of *képas*, a horn.

l. 199. *Pig-wiggin*, the fairy-knight beloved of Queen Mab in Drayton's *Nymphidia*.

l. 200. *a Nose for Oratour Higgin!* Professor Bensly points out that the allusion is to Beaumont and Fletcher's *Beggars' Bush* where (II. i. 5) Higgen, a beggar, declares: 'I speak to all That stand in fair election for the title Of King of Beggars, with the command adjoining: Higgen, your orator, in this interregnum' &c. Later in the scene Prigg says, 'Where's orator Higgen with his gratuling speech now?' and again, *All*: 'Excellent, excellent orator! Forward, good Higgen!' Professor Bensly thinks that

in the 'nose', there is a reference to III. iii. where Hempskirke is tied to a tree while Higgen tortures him by tickling his nose with a sharp rush.

206. *Stephen*. Stephen Marshall (? 1594-1655) of Emmanuel Coll., Cambridge, one of the five divines who adopted the joint name 'Smectym-nus'. See note on p. 75, l. 59.

l. 207. *And snoares aloud, like that Geneva-Horse*. Mr. Simpson compares Cleveland, *The Rebel Scot*:

Or roar like Marshall, that Geneva bull,  
Hell and damnation a pulpit full.

l. 210. *Fitters*, fragments.

l. 212. *Gamaliel Ratsey*, notorious as a highwayman between 1603 and 1605, when he was hanged. He wore a hideous mask. Cp. Jonson, *Alchemist*, I. i., 'a face cut . . . worse than Gamaliel Ratsey's,' and the D.N.B.

219. *shewer*, sewer.

#### PAGE 97. A REBELL.

l. 9. note, last line. *the Diuell of &c.* I don't know what should follow.

PAGE 98, l. 25. *Government*. This form of the word is not uncommon.

ll. 49-51 a . . . *Prayer, w<sup>ch</sup> the Roiall P. made in behalfe of a Charitable Person, that God would not deliver him into the will of his enemyes.*

Charles I of Laud?

l. 61. *his R. Booke*, his royal book, *Eikon Basilike*.

PAGE 99, l. 63. *a mercenarie Villaine*, John Milton whose *Eikonoklastes* appeared Oct. 6, 1649.

l. 64. *a Visit at Hampton-Court*. Charles I during his stay at Hampton Court (Aug. 24-Nov. 11, 1647) was in negotiation with the leaders of the army. Perhaps Tubbe implies that Cromwell had visited him at this time.

ll. 82-3. *Tom Stukely (a bankrupt (by Mr. Fuller's pencil) in his loyalty as well as his estate)*. See Fuller's *Worthies* (ed. 1811), i. 284.

Tubbe's list of Stukeley's titles is larger than Fuller's, and agrees closely with those given by Stukeley in a passport on his arrival at Cadiz in 1578 (Simpson, *School of Shakspeare*, i. 128). Fuller began to write his *Worthies* before 1650, but the book was only published in 1662 after Fuller's death. It is remarkable that Tubbe, who died in 1655, should have been able to quote from it. Possibly the form in which he saw Fuller's account of Stukeley differed a little from that afterwards published, or he may have had some second source.

ll. 95-6. *like the Humersome Lord, hee falls deeply in love with the King*. The reference is to Beaumont and Fletcher's *Humorous Lieutenant*, Act IV, sc. vi. *Lieut.* 'Oh, King, that thou knew'st I loved thee, how I loved thee!' &c.

PAGE 101, ll. 154-6. *talkes profanely of God's visible appearing in the Mount, when (alas Poor Peer!) hee was lurking below with Eyes winking for safety in a Saw-pit*. Cromwell, in his letter to Speaker Lenthall after his victory of Dunbar, dated 'Dunbar 4th Sept. 1650', writes that before the battle they were consoled by the thought 'That because of their numbers, because of their advantages, because of their confidence, because of our weakness, because of our strait, we were in the Mount, and in the Mount the Lord would be seen' (Carlyle's *Cromwell*). Tubbe may not mean that Cromwell was himself lurking in a saw-pit during the battle. He may be attributing Cromwell's words to an imaginary rebel who was also a coward.

ll. 160-7. *the bravery of Cethegus, to tread upon the World, when it falls . . . Who would not fall with all the world about him?* Bravery, 'bravado'. Cethegus was one of the Catilinarian conspirators. Cp. Cic. in *Cat.* IV. vii. 11: 'versatur mihi ante oculos adspectus Cethegi et furor in vestra caede bacchantis.' Tubbe, however, as Professor Bensly points out, is clearly referring to Jonson's *Catiline* (III. i); *Cat.* 'That I could reach the axle, where the pins are Which bolt this frame; that I might pull them out, And pluck all into Chaos, with myself! *Cethegus*: What! are we wishing now? *Cat.* Yes, my Cethegus; Who would not fall with all the world about him? *Ceth.* Not I that would stand on it, when it falls.'

l. 170 note. *more . . . envious than the Man in the Fable, hee will . . . bee starke blind, to procure the losse of One Eye in Another.* Prof. Bensly quotes from Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy* (I. 2. 3. 7): 'As he did in Aesope, loose one eye willingly, that his fellow might loose both,' where Shilleto (i, p. 306) gives the reference 'Invidus in the Fable De Avaro et Invido'. The Fable, which is not to be found in Aesop or Babrius, has been kindly supplied me by Dr. McKerrow from *Fabulae Aesopicae* (Lugd. 1571), p. 280, no. 252:

'Invidus.

Volens explorare sensus hominum Iuppiter misit Apollinem in terras, qui voluntates humanas cognosceret. Hic primum incidit in auarum vnum, & alterum inuidum. Quibuscū collocutus, copiam illis facit petendi quod vellent. Id enim quod vterque petiisset, ratū se habiturum, sed ea lege, vt quod sibi alter petiisset, alteri præstaretur duplum. Nullo igitur pacto induci potuit auarus, quicquam sibi vt peteret: at inuidus erui vnum oculum sibi petiit, vt auarus ambos amitteret.'

Dr. McKerrow says that a version of the Fable is found in *Aesopi Phrygis et aliorum fabulae* (Paris 1564), p. 219, as no. 22 of 'Aniani [sc. Auiani] Fabulae', and another in Caxton's Aesop where it is no. 17 of 'Fables of Auian' (*Fables of Aesop*, ed. J. Jacobs, 1889, ii. 236). The original form in Latin elegiacs is no. 22 of *Aviani Fabulae*, ed. Robinson Ellis (1887).

*Sultan Serapha, who . . . would spend an ounce of Turkish blood to draw a drop of Christian.* I have not found Tubbe's source for this. Professor Bensly says 'Serapha' = 'sherif', 'noble'; a title of the descendants of Mahomet through his daughter Fatima. He quotes Purchas' *Pilgrimage*, Bk. VI, ch. xi, § 2 'Of the kings of the Seriffian family', and p. 789 'they entered into Marocco, and there poisoned the King, causing Amet Seriffo to be proclaimed in his stead, King of Marocco.'

*a Peacock . . . eats his own dung, lest any man should find it.* Pliny, *Nat. Hist.*, xxix. 38: 'significandum est pavones fimum suum resorbere tradi, invidentes hominum utilitatibus.'

PAGE 102, ll. 171-3. *his Sovereigne . . . whom He accounts (as it was openly profess'd by his Com-rades in their bold Remonstrance) his Capitall Enemy.* A Remonstrance of the Council of general officers, the leading spirits being Ireton and Ludlow, was presented to Parliament on November 20, 1648. It insisted that the King should be brought to justice 'as the capital cause of all'. When the House of Commons demurred to this proposal, it was subjected to 'Pride's Purge'.

ll. 200-4. *like a pitifull Tinker . . . Colonell Fox.* Cleveland, *London-Diurnall* (1647) p. 8: 'And now I speak of Reformation, vous avez Fox, the Tinker; the liveliest Embleme of it that may be; For what did this Parliament ever goe about to reforme, but Tinkerwise, in mending one

hole they made three.' (G. Gascoigne, *A Catalogue of Abuses*, has the same taunt :

'When tinkers make no more holes than they found  
Even then (my priests) may you make holiday.'

PAGE 104, l. 247. *Typhon*, or Typhæus, a giant said to have fought against the gods, and to have been killed by Zeus' lightning, and buried under Mt. Etna.

ll. 254-5. *Lutum sanguine maceratum*, a translation of πηλὸν αἵματι πεφυραμένον applied to the Emperor Tiberius when a boy by his tutor in allusion to his sluggish and cruel disposition (Suetonius, *Tib.* 57; Erasmus, *Adagia* 'Lutum &c.,' Ch. II. cent. x. 39). I am indebted for this note to Professor E. Bensly.

l. 255. *A Sowter and a Souldan, ana*, i.e. a souter (or shoemaker) and a sultan in equal quantities. Cp. Sir T. More, *Rich. III* (1513), 'And in a stage-play all the people know right wel that he that playeth the sow-dayne is percase a sowter' (quoted in N.E.D.). There was perhaps a proverb in which 'souter' and 'sultan' were juxtaposed.

The word *ana* as used in a recipe is explained in the N.E.D., as Professor Bensly pointed out to me. Here also we have a quotation from Tubbe's favourite Cleveland: 'Flea-bitten Synod, an Assembly brew'd Of Clerks & Elders *ana*' (*Mixt Assembly*, 1651).

l. 260. *after a Corruption of Rebels comes a Generation of Loiall Creatures*. The philosophical commonplace 'Corruptio unius, generatio alterius' is frequently quoted. Cp. the play *Pedantius* (ed. 1905) l. 1102, corruptio Croboli, generatio Pedantii' and note.

#### PAGE 104. MEDITATIONS.

Is it possible that the form of T. Traherne's *Centuries of Meditations* was in any way suggested by Tubbe's work?

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